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THE  
*MONTHLY VISITOR.*

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APRIL, 1798.

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*MEMOIRS OF THE EARL OF MOIRA.*

THIS nobleman, whose history is rendered important by the part which he has lately taken against the ministry, and which he still continues to adopt with respect to Ireland, was born the 9th of December, 1754. He is descended from the Rawdon's of York, where his family was seated at the time of the conquest, but from whence, in the last century, his lordship's ancestors removed to Ireland. From this kingdom were derived the honours they enjoyed before the present Earl obtained a seat in the British house of peers. His father, Sir John Rawdon, Bart. was, in 1750, advanced to the dignity of a peerage, by the title of Baron of Moira; and in 1761, created Earl of Moira, in the county of Downe, with remainder to his heirs male. By his third wife, Lady Elizabeth Hastings, sister to the late Earl of Huntingdon, Lord Moira has issue, six sons and four daughters; the eldest of these sons is Francis, now Earl of Moira.

His lordship's education was such as became his birth, and not unfavourable to his talents: and having chosen a military life, he was at the age of seventeen appointed ensign in the 15th regiment of foot. Some employment soon occurred to his profession. He was called out in the contest with America; and for his services in that quar-

ter, where he greatly distinguished himself, he was advanced to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. In his dispatches of the affair of Camden, August 16, 1780, the now Marquis Cornwallis makes very honourable mention of Lord Rawdon's services on that day; and he took occasion to repeat those sentiments in his public thanks after the engagement. On the 25th of April, 1781, at Hobkirk's-Hill; and on the 7th of May, in the same year, although his exertions were not attended with entire success, they were such as deserved well of his country. Soon after this his lordship returned to England, and with much spirit and effect vindicated his conduct from some aspersions which, during his absence, had been thrown out upon it in the house of lords.

His lordship's conduct on his arrival at Boston; his friendship with Sir Henry Clinton; his appointment as Adjutant-General to the army in America; the raising of a new corps entitled the volunteers of Ireland; and his command of the left wing of Cornwallis's army in the battle of Camden, are the main circumstances which distinguished his character in the American war.

On the 20th of November, 1782, his lordship was promoted to the rank of Colonel, with the command of the 105th regiment of foot, and named, at the same time, one of the Aids de Camp to his Majesty. March the 5th, 1783, he was advanced to the dignity of an English peer, by the title of Baron Rawdon, of Rawdon in the county of York. By the death of his father, his lordship has since succeeded to the earldom of Moira. His fortune was at one time affluent, but it is stated now to be no more than respectable, from his lordship's munificence to the refugee French clergy.

In 1791, his lordship was a zealous promoter of the cause of the catholic dissenters; and his exertions, it is said, contributed in a high degree to the passing of a bill for their relief. In the year following, and with the most beneficent intentions, he introduced to the notice of parliament

parliament a plan for the relief of unfortunate debtors. But he had to encounter with the opposition of law lords, and the bill was lost. Not discouraged by this circumstance, on the 5th of March, 1793, he presented to the house a bill to amend the law of imprisonment on *Mefne Procefs*—for better regulating the law and practice of bail—and for the relief of unfortunate, and the punishment of fraudulent insolvent debtors.—In introducing this bill, his lordship said, “ he would not address himself to the feelings of the house; he relied on its justice.” Very sanguine hopes began to be entertained of this measure, when, on the third reading of the bill, (May 31) so many legal objections were opposed, that his lordship gave up all hopes of success: and on a motion of Lord Thurlow’s for postponing the third reading to that day two months, the motion being carried by a majority of five out of fifteen, the bill fell to the ground.

February the 6th of this year, (1793) an address had been presented to the king from the Free-Masons of England, highly expressive of attachment to his person and government. This address was subscribed Rawdon, his lordship holding a very eminent station among the English masons. Whether this address, or the circumstance of his conduct when in America, procured the notice of his Majesty, Lord Moira was, sometime after, appointed to the command of an expedition, intended, as it was thought, for the coast of France. His lordship’s forces were then encamped at Southampton, and his frequent journies from Southampton to London, from London to Southampton, and so on, did not escape the ridicule of his now *foi-disant* friends, the writers of the *Morning Chronicle*. This plan, under the conduct of his lordship, was never carried into effect; to say the truth, it was rather mysteriously broken up, though the Earl’s subsequent opinions, and his letter to Lieutenant-Colonel M’Mahon, which, awkwardly enough it is confessed, has found its way into the public prints, may

furnish some clue to the business \*. The letter is somewhat remarkable.—It gives an account of a new administration, of which Lord Moira was to form a principal subject—and the opinion which it avows of the Duke of Portland,

\* We think, notwithstanding its length, that our readers will thank us for this letter, and we therefore take the liberty to subjoin it, together with such remarks as the editor of Debrett's Parliamentary Register, a work avowedly under the auspices of the OPPOSITION, has thought fit to annex.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM EARL MOIRA TO LIEUTENANT-COLONEL M<sup>rs</sup> MAHON.

*My dear Colonel,*

*Dorington, June 15, 1797.*

“ The information which you have given to me of the reports circulating with regard to the late political negociations, is in one respect material. It confirms a suspicion which had occurred to me, that it was an object to have me thought disposed towards such a coalition :—and the Oracle, which I had not seen before you transmitted it, exceedingly strengthened the supposition. If I have left room for those erroneous statements by not proclaiming to all the world the arrangements that were in view, it did not proceed from my not having taken a precise and defined line; still less did it arise from any notion of advantage in *concealment*; for the gentlemen with whom I conferred had not any purpose which they wished to disguise; and I strongly urged them not to give any appearance of intrigue to the business by any affectation of *secrecy*. Indeed, I know that some of them declared their intentions very openly to the *persons most concerned, the ministers*; which, perhaps, has facilitated the attempt of throwing a coloured collusion on the plan. My sole reason for not talking more openly on what was in contemplation was, that I had declined being a principal mover in the business, and that I thought it would have been an air of vanity if I proclaimed the flattering recurrence of so many respectable characters to me. It was before Easter that some members of the House of Commons, *not those who used to meet at Sir John Sinclair's*, sent to ask for an opportunity of conversing with me on political topics. When we met, they

said



Portland, strongly as that opinion is couched, is rendered doubly worthy of attention, by the circumstance of its not being singular. Mr. Macfarlane, in his memoirs of this reign, assigns much of its misfortune to the obstinacy and

said that a considerable number of the independent members, who had hitherto voted with administration, saw with excessive alarm the difficulties into which the country had been plunged, and which could not but increase rapidly, unless an adequate remedy were immediately applied. They added, that they had reflected on the nature of that remedy, and were convinced that a change of ministry must be the first step towards it; in consequence of which they had communed together, and had determined to fix their confidence upon me. They then requested that I would endeavour, on the assurance of their support, to form an administration on the principles of excluding persons who had on either side made themselves obnoxious to the public. As I saw the dangers of the country in the same light that they did, and believed that nothing could dispel them but the calling forth the general confidence of the nation, I could not dissent from the theory of their plan: the execution of it, however, I deemed impracticable; I stated to them the impossibility of their overpowering the adherents of both Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox: on which account I strenuously recommended that they should attempt to form with Mr. Fox's party an alliance that might be satisfactory to themselves and to the country; by discussing, and, when accepted, reducing to strict engagement, the extent of measures which Mr. Fox when brought into office by them would propose. The gentlemen said, that many of their friends had taken so strong a part against Mr. Fox, and others had such a prejudice against him, that they had not any hope of bringing my proposition to bear with them. I repeated my reasoning as earnestly as possible, and prevailed upon those gentlemen to say they would recommend the suggestion to the consideration of their comrades. I pressed the counsel upon many of them individually afterwards; and I went out of town. Public matters growing more gloomy in their aspect every day, I received letters from some of those gentlemen, containing such remonstrances on my absence, that I returned directly to London.

and inequality of the Portland party. It however seems, according to the editor of a debates, who professes to throw some light on a subject "not so full and explicit as might have been wished," that, after great consideration,

The persons with whom I had before conferred, came to me as soon as they heard I was arrived. They told me the repugnance of their party to Mr. Fox was invincible; but that a sense of the extreme peril to which the state was exposed, had become so general, as to make it clear, that a majority of the House of Commons would be for a new administration; and they produced a *very long list, indeed, of members*, containing men of the greatest weight in the country, who wished that I should stand at their head. I explained to the gentlemen, that to make myself the chief of a party would no more suit me than it would become them to enrol themselves under me—that though I must be flattered very highly as being thought by such personages equal to the guidance of affairs in so formidable a crisis, the situation to which they destined me was most ineligible for me—that I would, notwithstanding, not shrink from it, if my acceptance of it would be regarded by his Majesty as an act of duty, and by the public as an act of zeal—that to ensure such a construction, I must not enter into any management or intrigue; but that the business must be done by their open and manly declaration of what they thought necessary for the public interest in such exigency. I suspect that Mr. Fox obtained information of the sentiments of these gentlemen, and thence, *with that elevated disinterestedness, and honest anxiety for the national welfare, which guides all his actions*, determined by the sacrifice of his own pretensions, to remove every obstacle from an arrangement which he thought might be productive of good to the country. This step did indeed appear to forward the views of the independent members: for it seemed to call upon ministers to shew an equal degree of public spirit, and to retire from stations which they could no longer fill with benefit to the empire. *It was understood that they felt it so:* and on that supposition the independent members made a more pointed application to me. Hitherto, nobody has been designated for any particular office but Sir William Pulteney. The gentlemen had said he was  
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consideration, Lord Moira was to have stood "at the head" of the new arrangement, that all this was granted, and agreeable to the sovereign, when the mere circumstance of a hint, that "Mr. Fox should undertake the negotiation

the person whom they should be most gratified in seeing Chancellor of the Exchequer: and I had professed to them and to him, that there was not any person with whom I could act more confidently. From what I have mentioned, however, you will see that it was not in the contemplation of my friends to have an administration formed by a junction with the majority of the present cabinet. One person, indeed, had observed to me, that, if Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville were displaced, the remainder of the cabinet would suit my purposes as well as any men that I could find: but I directly met that suggestion, by a declaration, that nothing could induce me to go into office upon terms of that nature. The introduction of Lord Thurlow, Sir William Pulteney, and myself into that cabinet, could not *assure the Public* of a CHANGE OF SYSTEM: and it was necessary that in the very outset, the confidence of the public should attach itself to our principles; I would therefore have nothing equivocal. Without meaning to proscribe individuals, there are certain points with which one must not palter. *I cannot ever sit in the cabinet with the Duke of Portland. He appears to me to have done more injury to the Constitution, and to the estimation of the higher ranks in this country, than any man on the political stage.* By his union with Mr. Pitt, he has given it to be understood by the people, that either all the constitutional changes which he and his friends for so many years urged against Mr. Pitt were groundless, or, that being solid, there was no difficulty in waving them *when a convenient partition of power and emoluments was proposed.* In either case the people must infer that the constitutional principle which can be so played with, is unimportant; and that parliamentary professions are no security. Were I to connect myself with the Duke of Portland, I must incur the imputation of similar laxity; and I must thereby forfeit any claim to a confidence, without which I could not be of any use; when nothing but the hope of being of use could make me for a moment listen to a proposal for undertaking office. *My wish was to procure for colleagues many*  
*of*

negotiation of peace, by going ambassador to Paris," put aside the immense benefit which the whole proceeding was meant to confer! This does not look like truth: and the concluding paragraph of the editor (his royal Master,

*of those who had been acting in concert with Mr. Fox: and it was obvious that the step which he had taken was generously intended to leave them at liberty to join as unconnected individuals in a new administration. In this my friends, of whom not one aimed at office, entirely concurred, saying, that if I continued responsible to them for measures, I might take what men I chose. Those measures had been readily adjusted between us: for when I detailed to those gentlemen the plan on which alone I would undertake the management of affairs, we found that our sentiments agreed completely. I had stated that I must decline coming in, unless his Majesty should graciously consent to these three conditions:—an endeavour to procure immediate peace—the tranquillization of Ireland by a just and lenient system of government—and a full disclosure to the nation as to the extent of our financial difficulties, in order to justify the call for those heavy contributions that would be requisite to re-establish credit. Of my friends, I demanded this condition: that no removals should be made in the Household, Post-Office, Mint, or any other department not immediately connected with ministerial function. To this they most readily assented. My view was, to profess that I would not form to myself a party; and that, as I had merely from the critical situation of public affairs consented to undertake a business foreign to the line of life which I had proposed to myself, I should consider it a fortunate release whensoever his Majesty or parliament should think some other person fitter for the station. With the measures by which the change of administration was to be brought about, I was to have no concern. The sentiment of the independent members was indeed submitted through me, as some channel was necessary for the transmission of their joint opinions. But in this I took no farther part. In pursuance of my system I declined remaining in London; lest from constant communications, the matter should degenerate into political intrigue. I have given you this long detail that you may be empowered to contradict any misstatement that you*  
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Master, &c.) will hardly be admitted by a serious and impartial man.

The conduct of the Earl of Moira in the affairs of Ireland *may* result from feeling and conviction. His lordship

hear: *And you are perfectly welcome to shew this letter to any respectable man of any party;* as there was not a point throughout the business, which I, or any of those with whom I conferred, *need wish to conceal.* Not a single man of those who assured me of their support ever hinted at a private object, much less suggested any thing like a condition. You say that Mr. Sheridan has been traduced, as wishing to abandon Mr. Fox, and to promote a new administration. I had accidentally a conversation with that gentleman at the House of Lords. I remonstrated strongly with him against a principle which I heard Mr. Fox's friends intended to lay down, namely, that they would support a new administration, but that not any of them would take part in it. I solemnly declare upon my honour, that I could not shake Mr. Sheridan's assertion of the propriety of that determination. He said that he and Mr. Fox's other friends, as well as Mr. Fox himself, would give the most energetic support to such an administration as was in contemplation; but that their acceptance of office would appear an acquiescence under the injustice of the interdiction supposed to be fixed upon Mr. Fox. I did not, and never can, admit the fairness of that argument. But I gained nothing upon Mr. Sheridan; to whose uprightness in that respect I can therefore bear the most decisive testimony. Indeed, I am ashamed of offering testimony where suspicion ought not to be conceived. I consider the whole of this political negotiation as completely extinct; and feeling my escape from a hazardous and unpleasant situation, I enjoy the consciousness of not having shrunk in an unmanly manner from any responsibility in a case where it was thought I might be useful to the community.

Adieu! my dear Sir. Believe me faithfully yours,  
*"Colonel M<sup>c</sup>Mahon. (Signed) MOIRA\*."*

"\* The foregoing letter not having been intended for the public, is not so full and explicit as might have been wished.  
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ship might believe what he has affirmed, and even more than he has affirmed—but why is he deaf to the information and remonstrances of others? his virtues, private and public, as far as humanity to the unfortunate and oppressed

That the negociation originated with the ministers themselves there is now no doubt. The situation of affairs was, at that time, such as to fill them with just apprehension for their political situation. Lord Duncan had not then destroyed the power of the Dutch; and they judged that the French Directory would not seriously enter into any negociation for peace with the government of this country while the present ministers continued in the administration of it. A scheme was therefore formed (it is said by the Lord C——r) by which, though a nominal change would take place in two or three of the principal departments, most of those persons who held very lucrative appointments would be suffered to continue in office. To effect this, and at the same time exclude Mr. Fox and his party from the new arrangement, a meeting was called at Sir William P——y's, chiefly of those members whom Mr. Secretary D—— had brought into Parliament, and a few of the independent and unconnected part of the house.—It was there proposed that Mr. Pitt should retire loaded with honours, and that an application should be made to the king to call to his service what was termed the *neutral body*;—men, who, though they disapproved the war, had not distinguished themselves by an unqualified and active opposition. To this end, the persons recommended were the Duke of N——d, for the treasury, Sir W. P. for the Exchequer, Lord Th——w for the Presidency of the Council, and the Earl of M——a for Secretary of State, and War-Minister. The plan was approved, and it is said that a letter was written by the royal hand to the noble Duke; but his Grace pleading ill health, Lord M——a and Sir W. P. were desired to prepare a new arrangement for the royal consideration, at the head of which Lord M. was himself to stand.—The salvation of Ireland, the state of the finances, and the restoration of peace, were objects of such importance as to induce the noble Lord to consent to this measure; but possessing too much firmness and integrity to suit the purposes of those by whom the scheme was originally fabricated, the project

oppressed, are deemed virtuous, may have led him into his present opinions. But when his statements have been disproved, his humanity misapplied; and when policy alone, in times of exigency like these, should induce the best of men to be silent on the errors of government, rendered in most cases unavoidable by the turbulence and disaffection of the governed, it looks like obstinacy, or something worse, to persist, as his lordship persists, in a part so injurious to the country. Once, indeed, there was a time, but *that time is past*, when men were subject to delusion, and when their zealous attachment to freedom might render them insensible to its abuse. Parties have nearly parted this island. We have the highest respect for what we believe to be the virtues of Lord Moira, though we may at the same time be allowed to lament, that good men are not always great men. And we would solemnly hope, that at this awful crisis of our state, all party distinctions are at an end. Wretched must be the hearts of those men, and despicable their foresight, who could think of individual profit from the collective misery of their fellow-citizens. But it is whispered, though we must think without the least foundation, that Ireland is become an object of party—where it is proposed that the Prince of Wales should be Viceroy, Lord Moira at the head of the army, and Opposition respectively provided for! Let their conduct refute the calumny.

project fell to the ground. He had probably no great wish or intention to make very extensive changes, but insisted on having a majority in the cabinet; and even, it is said, suggested the grand idea of *proposing to Mr. Fox to undertake the negotiation of peace, by going Ambassador to Paris*. It is not known that Mr. Fox would have acceded; but the proposition was more than sufficient to defeat all the noble lord's good intentions.—His royal master, the next time his lordship attended the levee, very graciously advised him *to go into the country for the restoration of his health*;—and his ministers now gravely affect to know nothing of the negotiation!

EDITOR."

## GOSSIPIANA.

[No. XVI.]

SIR JOHN HOLT.

**L**ORD Chief Justice Holt had been very wild in his youth, and was once out with some of his raking companions on a journey into the country; they had spent all their money, and after many consultations what to do, it was resolved that they should part company, and try their fortune separately. Holt got to an inn, at the end of a straggling village, and putting a good face on the matter, ordered his horse to be well taken care of, called for a room, bespoke a supper, and looked after his bed; he then strolled into the kitchen, where he saw a girl, about thirteen years old, shivering with an ague; he enquired of his landlady, (a widow) who the girl was? and how long she had been ill? The good woman told him that she was her daughter, an only child, and that she had been ill near a year, notwithstanding all the assistance she could procure from physic, at an expence which had almost ruined her; he shook his head at the doctors, and bade the woman be under no farther concern, for that her daughter should never have another fit; he then wrote a few unintelligible words in court-hand, on a scrap of parchment which had been the direction to a hamper, and rolling it up, ordered that it should be bound upon the girl's wrist, and remain there till she was well; as it happened the ague returned no more; and Holt having continued there a week, now called for his bill with as much courage as if his pockets had been filled with gold. "Ah! God bless you, says the old woman, you are nothing in my debt, I am sure; I wish I was able to pay you for the cure you have performed upon my daughter; and if I had had the happiness to see you ten months ago, it would have saved me forty pounds in my pocket."



pocket." Holt, after some altercation, accepted of his week's accommodation as a gratuity, and rode away.

It happened, that many years afterwards, when he was one of the Judges of the King's Bench, he went a circuit into the same county, and among other criminals whom he was appointed to try, there was an old woman who was charged with witchcraft; to support this charge, several witnesses swore that she had a spell, with which she could either cure such cattle as were sick, or destroy those that were well; in the use of this spell, they said, she had been lately detected, and it having been seized upon her, was ready to be produced in court; the judge then desired it might be handed up to him; it appeared to be a dirty ball, covered with rags, and bound with packthread; these coverings he removed with great deliberation, one after another, and at last found a piece of parchment, which he knew to be the same that he had used as an expedient to supply his want of money. At the recollection of this incident, he changed colour, and sat silent; at length, recollecting himself, he addressed the jury to this effect: "Gentlemen, I must now relate a particular of my life, which very ill suits my present character, and the station in which I sit; but to conceal it, would be to aggravate the folly for which I ought to atone, to endanger innocence, and countenance superstition: this bauble which you suppose to have the power of life and death, is a senseless scrawl which I wrote with my own hand and gave to this woman, whom, for no other cause, you accuse as a witch." — He then related the particular circumstances of the transaction; and it had such an effect upon the minds of the people, who now blushed at the cruelty of their zeal, that Judge Holt's landlady was the last person that was ever tried for witchcraft in that county.

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#### LORD KENYON.

An action was brought before Lord Kenyon, between Mrs. H. of Lombard-street, and Mr. W. of Bartlet's-buildings,

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buildings, Holborn, for a breach of promise of marriage. One of the witnesses being asked his name, trade, and place of abode—He said his name was S. he was a book-binder, and lived in Lombard-street, where the parties frequently met together, and where the promise was made in his hearing; likewise affirming, “He believed he was the very first that introduced them to each other.”—“Then,” said Lord Kenyon, “I suppose your intention was to bind them both together in one volume.”

AN ANECDOTE OF JOHN JAMES ROUSSEAU, RE-  
LATED BY ST. PIERRE.

THE very day that we went to look for a dinner with the hermits of mount Valerian, as I have related in a note, toward the conclusion of the fourth volume, on our return from Paris in the evening, we were caught in a shower of rain, not far from the Bois de Boulogne, opposite to the gate Maillot. We went in to shelter, under the great chestnut-trees, which had now begun to put out leaves: for it was during the Easter holidays. Under those trees we found a great deal of company, who, like ourselves, had crowded thither for covert. One of the Swiss lads having perceived *John James*, came running up to him, in a transport of joy, and thus accosted him: “How now, my good man, whence do you come? It is an age since we have had the pleasure of seeing you!” *Rousseau* mildly replied: “My wife has had a long fit of illness, and I myself have been considerably out of order.” “Oh! my poor good man,” replied the lad, “you are not comfortable here: come, come, I will find you a place within doors.”

In fact he exerted himself so zealously, that he procured us an apartment above stairs, where, notwithstanding the crowd, he contrived to accommodate us with chairs, a table, and some bread and wine. While he was shewing us the way, I said to *John James*—“this young man seems to be very familiar with you; surely  
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he does not know who you are?" "Oh! yes," replied he, "we have been acquainted these several years. My wife and I used frequently to come hither in fine weather, to eat a cutlet of an evening."

The appellation of "good man," so frankly bestowed on him by the tavern-boy, who had, undoubtedly, long mistaken *John James* for some honest mechanic; the joy which he expressed at seeing him again, and the zeal with which he served him, conveyed to me, completely, an idea of the good-nature which the sublime author of *Emilius* displayed in his most trivial actions.

#### DR. JOHNSON.

DR. Johnson, in the earlier life of both, was on terms of intimate friendship with Mrs. Brooke, the author of *Julia Mandeville*, &c. When that lady was about to accompany her husband to Canada, the doctor called a few days before her departure, to take his leave of her; on his introduction, he found her in the midst of a large circle of friends, who were assembled for the same purpose; after a short stay, he bade her adieu, and went down stairs. In a few minutes a servant came to inform his mistress, that she was wanted in the parlour: Mrs. Brooke accordingly obeyed the summons, and to her great surprise saw the doctor sitting with much composure in an elbow chair: "Madam," said he, with his usual solemnity, "I did not choose to take so long a leave of so old a friend without giving her a kiss; and, as I did not think it proper to take this liberty before so many people, I sent for you, that I might take a salute without our being liable to any impertinent observation." With great formality the doctor saluted his female friend, and departed.

*OBSERVATIONS ON THE SABBATH.*

BY G. WALKER.

**A**MONG the many benefits enjoyed and abused by mankind, surely none is more peculiarly so than the sabbath-day; a day set apart by the direction of Providence, in which the labourer should cease from his toil, and the merchant from his traffic. The Father of Mankind, instituted this septurnal jubilee at an early age of the world, to commemorate the completion of this earth's creation, and to allow a suspension of labour to every class of mankind. The rigour with which it was to be observed was a necessary restriction on the avarice and plenipotence of Eastern masters, who otherwise would not have foregone the rights of tyranny in compelling their slaves to perpetual exertion. In eastern countries the human body does not require that action and motion necessary in European climates, to the preservation of health. A supine and idle existence constitutes there the greatest felicity, and thence it is no hardship to confine people to their houses, while with us such a restriction would become a grievance; and it is not required by him who appropriated this day to rest, that we should spend it in a house of bondage.

To those who feel no gratitude to the most benevolent of Beings, by whose divine command they enjoy this day, it may be sufficient that they spend it in decency of external appearance. How shameful is it to appear publicly inebriated! and, in the circles of vice, putting modesty out of countenance, and inviting by a shew of gaiety, the yet innocent into the slippery paths of destruction!

I might mention the example of high life, on the morals of lower situations. I might observe, that so long as the most flagrant outrages of morality and christianity in those spheres, disgrace the sabbath, no coercion

coercion will produce reform in the minds of humbler classes. But when a disease is incurable, it is a mark of insanity to attempt its cure.

The most flagrant breach of manners originates, in my opinion, in the various tea gardens round the metropolis; where youth of both sexes first sip the cup of licentiousness, and the profligate mingles with the family of the sober citizen. It may not be, it is not, consistent with the freedom of our country, to suppress those places, where the mechanic and the tradesman relax from the toils of the week, and give a holy-day to their wives and children. His labour is lightened by the indulgence, and his task is considerably relieved. But some restriction should be laid upon the quality of the entertainment: and it might not be amiss totally to prohibit the use of spirituous liquors; these are dreadfully pernicious to the animal œconomy, and are no recreation to a man who would be a good citizen.

To those, however, of superior minds, the sabbath will supply higher recreation than the enjoyments of tea at a public garden, or the vague pleasures of a large company. It will afford them time to look into themselves, and reflect on the transitions of life. It will excite their gratitude to the supreme Father of Nature, who has appointed them this day, to offer up to him their tribute of praise, and partake with their assembled family the tranquil satisfaction of social intercourse. I am no puritan, nor any bigot. I prescribe no form of worship beyond the offering of the heart; but to fathers of families, and affluent citizens, this I would observe:—if *they* would lead their children, servants, or connections, into good habits, they will adopt some public place of external profession. - Man is a creature of imitation and habit; what he sees done by another, he will attempt to perform; and what he has done once, he will be inclined to repeat. Thus, even supposing no interest were taken as to the place or mode of worship, it were surely better that the unemployed

hours of Sunday, should be spent in the walls of a church, than in a coffee-house, tavern, or tea-garden.

I see no crime in a little journey into the country, where it is not attended with extravagance and excess. The human mind, if rightly formed, will admire the variety and charms of creation; it will expand with satisfaction; it will read the Eternal in his works. But these are not the boasted effects of *natural religion*. The mind, to do this, must have been formed in a closet. *Natural religion* has a pompous sound; but religion to be natural, must be *innate*; otherwise it arises from education and precept, as well as every other idea of the human mind. We do not, as some puerile philosophers affirm, imbibe sentiments of religion from viewing the broad expanse of the heavens, unless we have been taught, *a priori*, the existence of a GREAT SUPREME. Then, indeed, the beauty and harmony of his works confirm our belief, and enlarge our ideas of his omnipotence. It is not my present intention to enter on the subject of revealed religion, I would confine myself solely to the observance of the sabbath.

I have already observed the force of habit; and I will now suggest an hint, which might ultimately tend to a reformation of manners. Austerity, and puritanic severity, will be no reform to enquiring minds. We must be *invited* to assume those precepts, becoming morality and religion; and, for *this* purpose, I would propose, that whoever enters any place of worship, shall be received as welcome. The pew-opener should not stand like a guardian dragon before the seat, where avarice is to be allayed, and the house of God converted into a temple of Pluto. I am credibly informed, that, like waiters in a tavern, many of them have a mere trifle beside these perquisites.

In a regular church, every thing is governed by the gentility of a visitor's appearance: a fine coat, a powdered head, and a shilling, will gain admission to the front boxes, while a decent tradesman must sit in some gloomy,

gloomy, damp corner, or stand during the service, among the ragged poor, who, though many of them women, weak and unwell, must also remain on the chilling flags. Many persons of my acquaintance, for these reasons, never will enter a church, where the spiritual merchants deal out the word of God by weight, and by measure.

It is very little better in dissenting congregations, especially the *genteel ones*. For though the *ticket* of admission be comparatively trifling, yet without *that* trifle you must stand, or sit in some obscure hole, where you will scarcely be able to get a glance at the preacher\*.

This then being the general state of public worship, can its neglect be productive of wonder?—On the contrary, its being *at all* attended, is to me a proof that the human heart is more virtuous than many are willing to allow. Let the gates be thrown open: invite the stranger and the traveller to come in; that he may *buy without money and without price*. Reduce the temporalities of the clergy, and let them be (they pretend to be) as labourers in the vineyard; for what can be more absurd, than to hear a man asking for *daily* bread, when he himself may consume the bread of thousands?

Recreation is as necessary to the body, as relaxation to the mind. At a trifling *public* expence, two or three large gardens might be planted, to suit the convenience of the town; these gardens, like those of Kensington, should be open to the public; *but open to all*. Emulation would inspire the lowest with a wish to appear at least clean and decent. The example of the grave and the prudent, would repress levity; and any outrage of

\* Whitfield's Tabernacle, in Tottenham-court-road, is, in this point, the best regulated of any in town. Rowland Hill's, the Octagon Chapel in Spa-fields, the Lock, Orange-street, Huntington's, &c. afford free places little better than dungeons!!

behaviour should become a civil crime. There might, likewise, be a large room, with the accommodations of tea, or other innocent refreshments, at a moderate price, which would prevent the licentiousness of tavern and common tea-gardens, while it supplied every enjoyment consistent with a virtuous and rational people.

The utility of such an institution would be greater than I can properly describe, and would assuredly become the resort of every rank in life. The lover might here take a walk with the mistress of his choice, and the force of example would lead them into prudent habits. Our churches would no longer be places of assignation; and the light heart of innocence would not be tempted to err, with the senses stimulated as they now are.

How happy would it be, to see the inhabitants of a city like this, promiscuously partaking in the rational pleasures of an evening walk, free from the bane of corruption, and pleased with the society of their fellow-citizens. Nor would it be less so to the eye of that beneficent Creator, whose delight is in the happiness of his creatures, when that happiness is consistent with virtue.

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### PHILOPOESIS TO THE EDITOR,

ON THE

CONDUCT OF "A RESPECTABLE PUBLICATION."

MR. EDITOR,

**B**EING in the habit of perusing most of the periodical publications of the time, I have paid no inconsiderable attention to the progress of the MONTHLY MIRROR, and MONTHLY VISITOR. On your wrapper for February, you have mentioned the former



as a *respectable* publication. As I am a professed enemy to invidiousness, I cannot help noticing the very illiberal and unjust attack, by the conductors of that miscellany, in their number for the present month, upon the poetical department of the VISITOR.—In their review of Mr. Gifford's *Baviad* and *Mæviad*, they have the following passage:—"Mr. Gifford has sallied out in a sort of Quixotic fury to raise an imaginary host, in order that he might acquire the credit of having discomfited and dispersed them. He has treasured up every pointless epigram, every inflated ode, and every amorous sonnet, which has decked the 'PARNASSIAN GARLAND,' and filled up a niche in the 'poet's corner,' of the daily prints for years; and having extracted the weakest lines from each, he has plied all his learning, all his poetry, and all his wit, to hold up them and their unfortunate authors to public ridicule." Now, Sir, as there is no "PARNASSIAN GARLAND" published, exclusive of the one attached to the MONTHLY VISITOR, this passage can be construed in no other manner than as a malicious sneer at what they are incompetent to emulate. Envy frequently betrays its ignorance as well as its impotence. The sapient writer of the article alluded to, should have known that Mr. Gifford's satires were published long before the PARNASSIAN GARLAND possessed a being; and even the new edition of that work has not a single line of so recent a date \*. However, Sir, after reading the extract which I have transcribed, you may naturally suppose the poetry of the MIRROR to be superior to that of any other periodical publication. Quite the contrary, I assure you. They have a *sonneteer*

\* Mr. Gifford's performance is not at present in my possession; but I believe some lines from Anthony Pasquin (a *ci-devant* EMBELLISHER of the MONTHLY MIRROR, and, if same say true, notwithstanding some solemn asseverations to the contrary, the writer of the dramatic part of that miscellany) may be an exception to this assertion.

who has scribbled in almost every number since the commencement of the work, under the signature of **VALDARNO**. The sonnets of this gentleman certainly are not *amorous*:—no, he seems of too phlegmatic a cast. You shall have a specimen from the very number from which I have before quoted, in the passage that I conceive levelled at your Miscellany.

#### JUPITER AND VENUS \*.

“ Why thus with melting grief oppress’d appears  
The queen of beauty, veiling ev’ry grace,  
Thus sadly dimm’d by silent-dropping tears,  
That course each other down her lovely face?  
Say what, my soul’s delight! is now the cause  
That thus thy heav’nly *cheeks* seems flush’d with shame;  
What insult, say, unto our presence draws  
Our well-belov’d, with eyes *all red with flame*?  
Whate’er it be, I promise thee redress—  
Impart thy secret wish, and ease thy mind;  
Nor let thy silence add to thy distress,  
Since thou wilt find me just and ever kind!  
For all the powers that this our synod fill,  
What Jove has promis’d, know he will fulfil.”

#### VENUS AND JUPITER †.

From none who people the celestial plain,  
Are now deduc’d my speechless shame and woe:  
A mortal dar’d this iv’ry hand to stain,  
And made the current from these veins to flow.  
Intrepid Diomed, against the breast  
Of my dear son ‡ the wrathful jav’lin threw,  
With too much certainty, alas! address’d,  
And, but for me, had pierced him *through and through*.

\* See Homer’s *Iliad*, Pope’s Translation, Book the Fifth.

† See the Fifth Book of Homer’s *Iliad*, Pope’s Translation.

‡ Eneas.

Swift

Swift as the wind, on his destruction bent,  
 I scarce had time to turn the aim aside,  
 When from his grasp the vengeful weapon went;  
 Hence flows with pain this crimson-tinted tide.  
 Ah! do me justice then, and 'gainst the rage  
 Of Tydeus's son, thy aid, O Jove, engage!"

Lest these should not suffice, I will present you with some more examples of this gentleman's poetical diction, elegant taste, and grammatical accuracy.

In a sonnet to the Nautilus, we have the following lines:

"The industry *thou deign'st to man impart,*  
 May he improve, and use with thankful heart."

Speaking of the opening rose, he says:

"Not less attractive glows the maiden cheek,  
*Impinged* at once by innocence and health."

*Impinged*, Mr. Editor! do you know what *that* is?  
 —if not, a dictionary must tell you.

Of the Italian fire-flies he says:

"In vain the stars *etincelle* from on high,  
 When these inferior gems such light supply."

*Very learned!* is it not?

"What time the *zephyrs* through the branches *roves*."

*Very correct!* also.

*Quere*—Might not the advice so liberally awarded to Mr. Gorton \* be of service to this gentleman?

Now for a touch of the sublime!

"The delights of a still evening" are thus described:

"And not a *bullrush* wags her velvet head!  
 For not a breeze sighs o'er her *glitt'ring* breast."

\* Vide page 165 of the MONTHLY MIRROR, for March 1798. "We would advise him to abstain from the use of paper and ink, till he has conned over Walker's *Rhyming Dictionary*, and Dilworth's *Grammar of the English Tongue*."

A very

A very *waggish* fellow this, "*velvet head*," "*glittering breast*," what a pretty creature *she* must be!

Were it not, Sir, for taking up that room which may be occupied by articles of more consequence, I could furnish you with many other amusing quotations; for Mr. Valdarno is not the only *line-spinner*, whose *slimsy fusian* decorates the apartments of the MONTHLY MIRROR. An old adage tells us, that "great talkers are small doers;" and this may account for the continued boastings of the conductors of that work, of the immense quantity of poetry they possess. Well may they possess an immense quantity, when they permit the very spirit of inanity to pervade their pages.

Should these remarks meet with your approbation, they are much at your service.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your's, &c.

PHILOPOESIS.

\* \* We are much obliged to this gentleman for his remarks—our readers will judge as to the justice of them, for it becomes us to be silent on this head. Of the work to which they refer, we have always spoken with deference, though its conduct in the present instance ought not on that account to be surprizing.

EDITOR.

## ANECDOTES,

*Communicated by a FRIEND of THE VISITOR, long conversant in the Circles of Fashion and Literature.*

THE LATE LANDLORD OF A CERTAIN HOUSE OF ENTERTAINMENT AT PADDINGTON.

WE have here a strong instance of the futility of high aristocratic claims. Mine host was a man of infinite merit in his way, and had by the most commendable

mendable industry amassed, in a farthing Cake-House, the wonderful sum of twenty thousand pounds. He had a daughter supremely beautiful. An officer of the guards became enamoured of this beauty, in so excessive a degree, as to be unable to live without her. This gentleman had been already forewarned, that the father, although moving in such an humble sphere, was a man of that determined spirit and meritorious regard for character, that it would be a measure of extreme peril to make any improper attempt upon the daughter. Awed by this consideration, and urged by the excess of his passion, the officer was determined to demand the lady in marriage. In answer to this demand, the old man bluntly, but yet without rudeness, told the suitor, "that he valued neither his red coat, his rank, nor his fortune, but that all would depend upon the goodness of his character, and the maiden's choice;" concluding with a desire to see him again. At the second meeting, this generous father told the officer, "that enquiries relative to his character had been answered in so satisfactory a manner, and the business was in all respects so agreeable to his daughter and himself, that he was willing to make a present of her to Capt. ———, together with ten thousand pounds!" adding, "I have moreover determined instantly to leave off business, that I may not disgrace the gentleman my son-in-law!"

#### MR. TWISS, THE TRAVELLER.

DURING his travels in Ireland, Twiss experienced the most abundant proofs of the true Irish hospitality; by way of making a generous return for which, he abused the whole nation most heartily in his writings. In revenge for this insult, a potter of Dublin, jealous of the national honour, caused Mr. Twiss's portrait to be painted on the bottom of his chamber-pots, and upwards of one hundred thousand of those ornamented Jordans were immediately bought up by the Irish ladies, who

eagerly seized upon that method of pouring down showers of vengeance upon the head of the delinquent.

DRS. GOLDSMITH AND JOHNSON.

IN a certain part of Mr. Boswell's life of Dr. Johnson, the former introduces himself as asking the doctor, "whom he thought the most proper person to write his life?" and he informs us the doctor's answer was, "Goldsmith," only, said Johnson, "*I am sure he would tell many lies of me.*" Some mystery has been supposed couched in these words, which the writer of this, (an old intimate of Goldsmith,) can very easily explain: they relate to Goldsmith's opinion of Johnson's religious sentiments. Goldsmith, who was an open and avowed infidel with his private friends, always accused Johnson of hypocrisy; and maintained that he knew from Johnson's former confession, that he (Johnson) did not himself believe those which are styled the truths of Christianity; but that he conceived the inculcation of them was a fraud absolutely necessary for the peace of society. The real truth is, Johnson was a sincere Theist; Goldsmith a thorough disciple of the atheistic philosophy.

Many of those tales of the simplicity, and lack of knowledge of common life, in that truly excellent and benevolent character the late Dr. Goldsmith, are strictly according to fact. Amongst them we don't recollect to have seen in print the following: Early on the day on which Goldsmith's comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*, was to be played for the first time, a friend met him in Covent-Garden, and told him "he was then about making a strong party for him against night." "Ah! my friend," said Goldsmith; I have now given the world a *Farce in Five Acts*, and I'll be bound they'll give it a good reception; when I presented them with a real good play (the *Good-natured Man*) which will be played, when you and I are rotten, the wife-acres damned it."

THE

## THE NEW RED ROCHELO.

There was at this time (as I recollect about the year 1769) a sort of shabby-genteel tall man, who pretended to be a gentleman in distress, and made a practice of going about town, and calling people aside, to ask charity of them. He got intelligence of Goldsmith's foible, and way-laid him one evening near his chambers: here he told the doctor a very plausible, and indeed a very pitiable tale of his inability to appear among his friends, for want of clothes, and earnestly begged some assistance towards enabling him to replenish his wardrobe, and amend his appearance." The doctor's tender heart was melted in a moment, and his liberal hand found its way instinctively to his pocket, whence it drew the only guinea he then possessed, which he instantly presented to the necessitous stranger. At parting, said Goldsmith to the man, " Now, my friend, all this tale you have told me may be true, or it may not; now, if it be not, when you get from me, you will, no doubt, laugh heartily at my credulity and folly; but observe me, I don't envy you that gratification." The man had scarce got twenty paces from him, when the doctor's benevolent affections still moving in his heart, he called him back. " Here, God help you, a guinea will go but a little way towards buying you clothes; come to my door, and I will besides give you this Rochelo, which lately cost me ten pounds; it is possible you may deserve it, and I am willing to run that risk!" As the doctor afterwards told us at the Globe, he surely enough gave the tall genteel man his new red Rochelo; but he was so rallied upon the matter, that he became at length offended at the mention of it.

## THE PLAINTIFF.

[No. X.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PLAINTIFF.

MR. EDITOR,

YOU may perhaps consider my plea as too insignificant for notice, supposing that my relation contains only the phantasms of an imagination deranged by the perusal of some modern circulating library, or overcome by the momentary impulse of fancy: but really, Sir, my case demands your peculiar attention; and would you condescend to administer the balm of consolation, I should hold myself infinitely indebted to your kindness.

I am one of those unfortunate maniacs, generally denominated *lovers*; but my case is not common, it is peculiar; though perhaps there may be others in a similar situation, and by my receiving your advice, they may also reap equal benefit. My tale is simple; the honest effusions of a generous heart, uncloaked by disguise, and unskilful in the practice of hypocrisy. I will not lead you to the flowery plains of Arcadia, to weep over a dying shepherd; or excite your risibility by imitating *Pastor-Fido*, or *Don Quixotte*. I will not say that my situation is equally desperate with that of *Werter*; but it is such as destroys my hourly peace, and annihilates all my prospects of happiness.

Once, Sir, I enjoyed the blissful innocence of youth; once I painted life in splendid colours, and built celestial fabrics on terrestrial ground. I knew no other pain than what arose from the fear of experiencing a few strokes from my tutor's cane, for negligence in my studies. My mind disencumbered, devoured with avidity the instructions bestowed upon me; I mastered the laborious employment of the Classics, and thought when these were accomplished,

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accomplished, the world would smile on my scholastic abilities, and the sun of prosperity would arise on my head, never again to withdraw its lustre. But no sooner was I liberated from the shackles of education, than I began to learn new lessons from another seminary. I beheld the world "a school of wrong," and perceived, with sorrow, but few characters whose minds were congenial with my own. I saw the beautiful Almeria; in her I discovered what I had long sought after; I perceived something in her person and deportment that fascinated my eyes, and something in her disposition and manners, that ensnared my heart. I became acquainted with her;—my visits increased, and each succeeding day I felt an irresistible impulse to visit the fair enchantress. She seemed to smile upon my exertions, and to read the wishes of my soul. I discoursed freely with her on every topic; and, frequently, herself would introduce the theme of love. Here I would listen to her accents with delight, while the pure passion glowed with greater ardour in my bosom. *She* only appeared destined to make me happy. Mind was united to mind, and neither disagreed with the sentiments of the other. I oftentimes hinted my regard in cautious language. Almeria heard me with attention; and delight sparked in her eyes, while she still displayed new openings for the subject. Thus, Sir, did twelve months roll on.—No longer able to refrain from openly avowing my attachment, I wrote a letter to Almeria, and unveiled my heart. She answered it in the language of surprize; but her sentiments were uncertain and ambiguous. I yet enjoyed her company, and every pleasing hope had no prospect of being blasted. As another year hastened to its close, I saw her tender civilities increase, and once more ventured to address her. Almeria permitted me an interview, expressly to discuss the subject: but I had deceived myself; she was impenetrable to pity, and her bosom was steeled to the persuasive eloquence of love; yet she exhibited in her actions, that a spark of esteem had kindled in her

bosom. She vowed for me an unalterable *friendship*, and directed my views to a future period, when her wishes might be congenial with my own. I waited for months in anguishing suspense, soothed in some degree by the consideration that Almeria was my *friend*: this character, amidst the base artifice and selfish dissimulation of mankind, I had found it difficult to discover, and hoped that an apparent disinterested declaration of friendship, was but a more distant name for love. But Almeria appeared equally to esteem others with myself, and jealousy burned in my bosom against each alternately, as they received the trifling marks of her favour. At times she dismissed me from her by her conduct, and seemed to glory in my mental captivity; again she expressed commiseration at my grief, and mingled, like a tender sister, the sympathy of sorrow with my own. One day she annihilated every prospect of happiness, and if the spirit of dignity appeared to create resentment in my breast, she re-assured me by her smiles on the next. Thus, Sir, have I proceeded several years, racked upon the wheel of suspense, and tortured by the most painful anxiety; yet still the *cold, cold* name of friend, is all I have for *love*; and although I persevere in my pursuit, I am recompensed by the prospect of the same repeated labour, and doomed, like the horse in the mill, to an endless journey. I once boldly resolved to have a categorical determination on the matter, and demanded it in tender, yet resolute terms, by means of the post. But Almeria, instead of even exhibiting the confusion of friendship, at the name of a *final separation*, pronounced the same evasions, allowed me to relinquish my wishes, if I pleased, with all the apathy of a Stoic. *Heu me miserum!*

I do not, Sir, pine away my life amid romanticity; distil my tears into the murmuring rivulets; exhale my sighs on the evening zephyr; or mingle my complaints with the nightingale: yet, remaining in the same captive situation, my life is embittered with misery, my mind is  
a prey

a prey to *ennui*; and, encircled by the walls of my study, instead of following those necessary literary pursuits, upon which depends the major part of my income, I cast down my books every moment; no subject is satisfactory; I forget what I have perused the instant before, and sink into a stupid lethargy, or recal the image of the ruthless Almeria to my imagination, review the beauties which I still behold in her mind and person, and strengthen the chains by which she strives to fetter me. No amusement can liberate my affections; I have tried every remedy, and if you, Sir, fail in a recipe, I must sink into despair.

J. C.

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## AN ESSAY ON

THE

## EDUCATION OF YOUTH.

BY JOHN EVANS, A. M.—MASTER OF A SEMINARY FOR  
TEN PUPILS, HOXTON SQUARE.

*Est natura hominum scientiæ avida.*

PLINY.

As Phœbus to the world—so Science to the soul.

BEATTIE'S MINSTREL.

THE importance of EDUCATION is universally acknowledged. Without its aid the powers of the human mind would languish in a state of deplorable imperfection. But when the faculties receive due culture they acquire an additional energy. Imbecilities are banished—obliquities rectified—and the whole soul purified and improved. Indeed the great design of education is the enlargement of the understanding, and the purification of the heart. So vast is the difference between the scholar and the savage, that the former has

been

been said to exceed the latter, as much as the latter surpasses the brute creation.

But though the utility of education is thus universally confessed, yet concerning the mode by which it should be conducted, a variety of sentiments has obtained. On this interesting topic the pens of *Milton, Locke, Rousseau, Knox, Macauley, Barbauld*, and of other celebrated authors, have been successively employed. Into their several opinions it will not be expected that I should enter—nor will their respective plans be here detailed. It may be necessary only to observe, that each of these writers has suggested many things well worthy of attention. To approve or to disapprove altogether of what they have written, would be both injudicious and unjust. An able tutor, concerned for the welfare of the youth committed to his care, inspects every plan of education which hath been subjected to the public eye. He will reject what appears to him exceptionable—He will adopt what meets the approbation of his understanding. Unawed by the influence of great names, he will derive aid from every quarter, and incorporate into his own plan of education, whatever subserves the improvement of his pupils. This was the method taken by *Dr. Philip Doddridge* previous to his entrance on the office of a tutor—and no one discharged the duties of that province with superior fidelity.

Whether *private* or *public* tuition is to be preferred, has been a subject warmly agitated. But is it not possible to institute a mode of education which shall unite the advantages of private and public instruction without their respective disadvantages? This will no doubt be deemed an arduous task. A *limited* number of pupils, however, seems to approach the nearest towards it. Here will be a sufficient scope afforded for emulation—and their morals will be in a fair way of remaining untainted. The master himself superintends every individual pupil. Such a plan must be pronounced at least favourable

favourable to the advancement of knowledge—and to the increase and establishment of virtue.

Let us now run over the topics of knowledge with which youth in the present day should be in some measure made acquainted. In the eighteenth century a more extended sphere of information is expected, though very particular attention should be paid to the age of the pupil—and also to the profession for which he is designed. Supposing however that a youth of ability and leisure should present himself for education—a plan similar to the following may be adopted.

The *first* object of his acquisition should be an accurate knowledge of his native tongue. *Orthography*, though too apt to be overlooked, demands special attention. To read and write his own language well, should be the object of his ambition. This will require considerable attention. The *English language* has been formed out of a mass of incongruous materials. Hence its numerous irregularities, which render it peculiarly difficult of attainment. With these obstacles for a time every learner will have to combat—but industry will overcome them all. Here *Priestley* and *Lowth* will prove peculiarly beneficial. Their Grammars have attained to a deserved reputation. Perspicuity and accuracy are their characteristic excellencies. By the remarks contained in *Priestley's Grammar*, even *Hume* improved his style—freeing it from certain Gallicisms with which it was debased; and which were occasioned by the author's long residence in France. *Lowth* also treats his subject with admirable ingenuity. His notes are peculiarly instructive. They point out several inaccuracies into which some of our best writers have fallen. By remarking the transgression of grammatical rules in others—we shall be led more effectually to avoid them. This acquaintance with our own language is (as I have already remarked) the first object of acquisition, agreeable to the ancient adage:

Let all the other tongues alone  
Till you can spell and read your own.

*Arithmetic*

*Arithmetic* should next engage the attention. The *first four* rules should be thoroughly understood. On these preliminary operations the whole fabric of calculation is raised. Accuracy and speed in this department of learning are the chief objects to be attained—the former by attention, the latter by practice. *Bonycastle's System of Arithmetic* recommends itself by its neatness and perspicuity. Beside the extensive use of arithmetic in commercial affairs—it invigorates the mind and generates habits of application. Children can scarcely be inured at too early a period to such studies. This knowledge should grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength.

Having become in a measure acquainted with his own tongue, and with the power of numbers—let the pupil then turn his attention first to the *Latin* and afterwards to the *Greek* languages. They are connected with each other. The elementary parts of the dead languages should be acquired betimes. Thus the ruggedness of grammatical learning will be obviated. The tenacious memory of youth is a suitable deposit for such acquisitions, nor can any classical attainments be made without them. An advancement also from easier to more difficult authors, should be carefully regarded, and the beauties of each pointed out with discrimination. Hereby the ascent will be the less felt—and the summit insensibly gained. The utility of knowing *Latin* and *Greek* cannot be questioned. Their intimate connection (particularly the *Latin*) with our own language, and the exquisite beauties of its writers—not to be infused into any translation—powerfully recommend the attainment of them. Even of Pope's Translation of Homer—the celebrated *Gibbon* remarks, that it is endowed with every beauty but likeness to the original. An acquaintance with the writings of the ancient *poets*, *philosophers*, and *historians*, will be facilitated by the perusal of *Potter's Greek*, and *Adams' Roman Antiquities*—also by the use of *Lempriere's Classical Dictionary*. In attaining a knowledge of the *Greek* and

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Latin Classics, translations should be forbidden, except in cases of very considerable difficulty.

Whilst an acquaintance with these languages is acquiring, let the pupil be initiated into a knowledge of *History*—first that of his own country, then that of Europe, afterwards of the whole world. *Kimber*, *Hume*, and *Henry*, with respect to our own country, may, at a proper distance of time, be perused in succession. The first constitutes a neat abstract, the second an elegant narrative, and the third a minute and well arranged account of British History. Of the general affairs of Europe, *Robertson's Charles the Fifth*, and *Russel's* great work, will convey a sufficient knowledge. As to the history of the world, the pupil need only be referred to the *Ancient* and *Modern Universal History*—a production whose numerous volumes of themselves form a small library. To the history of Greece and Rome, *Robertson* and *Goldsmith* have furnished excellent introductions. More extended accounts may be found in *Hooke* and *Gibbon*, in *Gillies*, *Mitford*, and the travels of *Anacharsis* into Greece. The examples both of virtue and of vice, which the historic pen exhibits, are pregnant with instruction. On this account *Priestley's Lectures* on History are invaluable. Joined with his *Historical* and *Biographical Charts*, they constitute a vast fund of information. To the fuller comprehension of the historic page, *Geography* and *Chronology* must be understood. The former ascertains the spot on the globe where the event happened. The latter assigns the period when it took place. But as the measurement of time is apportioned by the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, here *Astronomy* may be introduced. *Bonnycastle's Letters* on this subject are deserving of particular attention. This sublime science, by means of its wonderful discoveries, enlarges and elevates the mind. It also raises the most interesting emotions. We are irresistibly impressed by the grandeur and immensity of the Supreme Being!

The mention of astronomy introduces *Mathematics*.  
Of

Of the utility of these studies—to the mind abstractedly considered, and for the acquisition of *physical* knowledge, every intelligent individual must be apprised. *Swift* indeed ridiculed them, nor is *Dr. Knox* partial to them. It may, however, be asserted, that a moderate acquaintance with them should be strongly recommended. Without their aid many parts of the universe would remain inexplicable. *Dr. Barrow*, in his *Mathematical Lectures*, has addressed the Supreme Being under the appellation of the *Divine Geometer*! Scripture assures us, that *all things* are constituted by *weight* and *measure*. *Simson's Euclid*—*Maclaurin's Algebra*—together with *Erwing's Synopsis*, form a compendium of mathematical science.

A system of mathematics leads to *Natural Philosophy*, which comprehends a wide extent of subject. From the minutest recesses of the animal, vegetable, and fossil kingdoms, up to the revolutions of the planetary system, what an extensive range! By the inquisitive genius of man, every object has been analyzed. Whatever affects the senses has undergone the most rigid scrutiny. This is termed natural philosophy. By means of a well constructed apparatus, the most stupendous operations of nature may be explained. What a delightful study! How worthy the enquiry of a rational being! The youthful mind cannot be more profitably engaged. By *Mrs. Barbauld* this scientific observation is expressively termed, *seeing with our own eyes*. Indeed the faculties and senses are most honourably employed in examining the works of Almighty God! *Ferguson's Lectures*, *Nicholson's Philosophy*, and *Gregory's Economy of Nature*, are treatises on this subject which may be warmly recommended.

*Logic* and *Rhetoric* are two sciences with which in a course of education we cannot dispense. The former teaches the pupil to arrange his ideas with a luminous accuracy. The latter improves his taste for composition—enabling him to express his sentiments with an elegant



elegant propriety. Both are highly necessary in this age of discrimination. The systems of logic by *Watts* and *Duncan*, have been well received. On rhetoric, the works of *Kaimes*, *Harris*, *Campbell*, and *Blair*, need not my commendation.

One principal mode of acquiring a just taste for composition, will be the perusal of those *moral essays* which have periodically appeared in this country, and in the course of this present century. The *Spectator*, *Tatler*, *Guardian*, *Adventurer*, *Rambler*, together with other similar productions, are entitled to no small attention. They will enrich the mind with a variety of the choicest sentiments; they will inspire the reader with an idea of the graces of diction; they will teach him to distinguish between what is hollow and superficial, and that which is solid and just. To the style of the *Spectator*, Johnson, that Colossus of literature, has given his most unreserved commendation: "Whoever wishes," says he, "to attain an English style familiar, but not coarse; and elegant, but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."

By this time the pupil will have trodden the most frequented paths of literature. His powers are now rapidly hastening to maturity. Should he therefore break off from the pursuit of his learning at this period, his mind will be imperfectly formed. There is another science which claims his special attention: it is *Moral Philosophy*. This relates to the constitution of man; it investigates his nature, ascertains his powers, and delineates the duties obligatory on him as a rational and accountable being. It will impart such an insight into the intellectual and moral world, that will at first overwhelm him with astonishment. Its territories have in the present century been explored by the researches of *Hutchinson*, *Turnbull*, *Grove*, *Hartley*, *Reid*, and *Paley*. The sketch of our duties cannot be too accurately portrayed; nor the punctual discharge of them too energetically recommended. Of this essential circumstance, let the pupil

be reminded. Thus furnished, he will enter on the career of active life with a becoming thoughtfulness; he will be sensible, that the ends of his being ought not to be disregarded. Recollecting that both his own happiness, and the welfare of the community are connected with the regular discharge of duty; he will perform his part with propriety. While he continues on the theatre of life, usefulness will be the object of his ambition: when he *quits* it, he will have the consolation to reflect, that the beneficial effects of his conduct may be experienced by the generation that *succeeds him*. *Ars bene, beateque vivendi*; or, *the art of living well and happily*, was the definition which the learned Dr. More gave of moral philosophy.

Whilst these important parts of education are cultivated, the ornamental are not to be forgotten. *French, music, dancing, drawing*, and other similar studies, will occupy the attention at stated intervals. These lighter engagements will be judiciously intermixed with the more serious investigations. In a solid education, they will be made to retain a subordinate station. Under restrictions they will prove highly useful—relieving the attention: diffusing over the mind an agreeable cheerfulness; and facilitating an intercourse with mankind. “A man,” says Dr. Johnson, “whose great qualities want the ornament of exterior attractions, is like a naked mountain with mines of gold, which will be frequented only till the treasure is exhausted.” *French*, indeed, has of late risen in importance upon us. The speaking and writing of it with ease, are now become valuable acquisitions. This therefore will be duly taught—and of its utility the pupil should not remain unapprised.

Here the ordinary course of education terminates: and it undoubtedly embraces a wide circle of important subjects. It may have been drawn on too extensive a scale for the generality of pupils. But my former observation must be here recollected—*A most sacred* attention should be paid to the age of the pupil, and

to the profession for which he is designed. To these two circumstances a wise accommodation should be made. For instance, a lad destined to trade, or commerce, need not make a very great progress in classical knowledge. To writing, arithmetic, book-keeping, and merchants' accounts, his attention would be more properly directed, though not to the utter exclusion of other branches of science—the knowledge of which is necessary to constitute him a valuable member of the community. Hence it is impossible to lay down any one plan to which a tutor can invariably adhere. Indeed a judicious teacher resembles a skilful husbandman, superintending, with a persevering patience, the productions of nature, and facilitating their progress towards maturity. He consults the genius of his scholar; he catches every favourable opportunity for infusing knowledge; he omits no means by which the intellectual and moral powers may be strengthened and expanded. Knowledge and virtue are the primary objects of a well-directed education. That mode of instruction is to be preferred above all others, which most effectually secures them. Education, therefore, has been justly defined to be “that series of means by which the human understanding is gradually enlightened and the dispositions of the human heart are formed and called forth between earliest infancy, and the period when we consider ourselves as qualified to take a part in active life; and ceasing to direct our views solely to the acquisition of new knowledge, or the formation of new habits, are content to act upon the principles which we have already acquired \*.”

To

\* A variety of *miscellaneous information* might be communicated to the pupil, whilst he glides along the preceding course, which could not be well arranged under any one of the branches of knowledge already mentioned. The best book of this kind lately came into my hands: It is entitled—*Miscellaneous Selections of the Rudiments of useful Knowledge, from the first Authorities*

To the course of education, the outlines of which are here sketched, should be added "*Lectures on the Nature of the British Constitution*,"—and on "*The Evidences of Revealed Religion*." In themselves these subjects are of high importance. But *the times* render some accurate information about them doubly valuable.

On the nature of the British constitution very useful instructions might be delivered. Every individual who receives a liberal education, should be made acquainted with the constituent parts of the government under which he lives. Ignorance on this topic, may be attended with serious consequences. Far be it from a tutor to render his pupils intriguing politicians. But it is certainly to be wished, that *British youth* should be impressed with a sense of our political advantages. The distribution of our government into *King, Lords, and Commons*, is to be commended. The *Constitution* of these realms, purely administered, possesses innumerable advantages. On these let the tutor expatiate. It will inspire the pupil with a reverence for a well constituted government; it will guard him against the rage of innovation; it will lead him fairly to estimate the advantages and disadvantages of every government subjected to his inspection. The British constitution should be compared with the legislatures of surrounding nations. The result will be in its favour. It will beget a desire of perpetuating it, and of communicating it to our latest posterity. What has received the sanction of ages, and proved a source of innumerable blessings to our forefathers, should not be hastily abandoned. May it be freed

*Authorities—designed for the senior Scholars in Schools, and for young Persons in general:—containing useful Information on a Variety of Subjects, not to be found in any Books of general Use in Schools; and yet by all Persons necessary to be known. Compiled by J. Guy, Master of the Literary and Commercial Seminary, Bristol.—I have transcribed the title-page at length, since it may induce some persons to procure it. It is a valuable compendium, and reflects credit on its compiler.*

freed of every corruption, and restored to its pristine purity!—In *De Lolme's Treatise on the English Constitution*; in *Blackstone's Commentaries*; and in *Dr. Beattie's Elements of Moral Science*, are contained many excellent observations on this subject.

From the duties of a good citizen, we pass on to the duties of the christian. This introduces *Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity*. The proofs of its truth may be summarily delineated: its characteristic doctrines, leading precepts, and sublime discoveries, will deserve a distinct enumeration. It would also be not improper to specify the popular objections of infidelity, and bring forward the most satisfactory solution of them. Thus would the minds of the pupils be fortified against dangers to which many an unsuspecting youth has fallen a prey. Nor let it be forgotten, that the *practical* tendency of christianity should be deeply impressed upon their hearts. Equally remote from superstition and from enthusiasm, true religion refines and sublimates human nature. The end which christianity has in view, is the spiritual improvement of mankind—their present virtue and comfort, together with their future perfection and happiness. The accomplishment of this end is totally independent of all the subtle and intricate discussions, of all the frivolous and abstruse controversies, which have agitated and disturbed the world.

Particular care should be taken to convince young people, that the spirit of religion is the spirit of *cheerfulness*. "Piety," said Dr. South, "enjoins no man to be dull." However misrepresented by many of its injudicious votaries, pure christianity aids and invigorates the best feelings of the heart. Its doctrines present us with the most amiable views of Deity. Its precepts are founded in the strictest equity. Its discoveries unfold prospects beyond this life, which must be peculiarly acceptable to the children of men. *God is love*. "A source of cheerfulness to a good mind, is its consideration of that Being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom,

though we behold him as yet but in the first faint discoveries of his perfections; we see every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourselves every where upheld by his goodness, and surrounded with an immensity of love and mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being whose power qualifies him to make us happy, by an infinity of means, whose goodness and truth engage him to make those happy who desire it of him; and whose unchangeableness will secure us in this happiness to all eternity \*."

Thus have I freely offered a few cursory observations on the important subject of education. Important is it in itself—and important in its consequences. The variations of such a course to the capacity and destination of the pupil, have been already mentioned. To the sagacity of the tutor, this appropriation of the different branches of knowledge must be ultimately left. In every stage of the course, however, the strictest attention must be paid to *the progress of the mind*. To pour in the stores of literature with too rapid a hand, would oppress the intellect. Great care should be taken to *exercise*, not fatigue, the reasoning faculty. Let the pupil be accustomed to examine every fresh accession: let him be habituated to judge of every topic which is laid before him: then, from every object around him, will he learn to derive instruction. A well-informed mind lays all nature under contribution. "The aim of education," says a very competent judge, "should be to teach us rather *how* to think, than what to think—rather to improve our minds, so as to enable us to think for ourselves, than to load the memory with the thoughts of other men. A mind prepared by proper discipline for making discoveries of its own, is in a much higher state of cultivation than that of a *mere scholar*, who knows nothing but what he has been taught. The latter resembles a granary, which may indeed be filled with corn, but can yield no

\* Addison.

more

more than it has received. The former may be likened to a fruitful field, which is ever in a condition to bring riches and plenty, and multiplies an hundred fold every grain that has been committed to it."

Let not the parent be fearful lest the mind of its child be too well informed. Of this, there is no real danger. Knowledge of every kind possesses its appropriated utility. In the several departments of life, information will be the source of substantial blessings. Beside its specific use in the occurrences of this present state—it is its own reward. *Cicero* has expressed this sentiment in language familiar to every ear. In every period, and in every condition of mortality, the pure light of science proves a perennial fountain of felicity. A man of information need not have recourse to sensuality, or to dissipation, by which he may relieve the tediousness of existence. Literary characters have within themselves stores of entertainment, to which nothing but their own indolence can deny them access. The man, therefore, who is at once *enlightened, virtuous, and pious*, cannot fail of partaking of very exalted pleasures. He is assimilated to the Deity. On *his* plan he acts—to *his* will he resigns himself—and, in *his* dispensations places the most profound acquiescence. In the bosom of that highly favoured individual must be deposited a treasure, superior to that of both the Indies. This is no rhetorical exaggeration. It has been realized by thousands. It has been substantiated after a manner which cannot be questioned.

Before I close this *Brief Essay*, something should be said concerning the *discipline* to which the pupil should be subjected. Restraints are necessary at every period of life. In the season of youth they are indispensable. Let the restrictions however be few, and of manifest utility. A kind and conciliatory conduct towards them, oftentimes ensures obedience. In the mind of an ingenuous youth, gratitude towards his instructor may be easily generated. A very worthy and learned person, the Rev. Philip Henry, on his arrival at manhood, used to

express

express his great obligations to those who had the direction of his early years—quoting with approbation the ancient proverb—“*To God all-sufficient—to parents and to teachers, no equivalent can be rendered.*”—Of this amiable disposition let the tutor avail himself. His injunctions, enforced from such a principle, will not fail of being observed.

Harshness, if possible, should be avoided. It sours the temper both of the master and of the pupil, incapacitating the one for teaching, and the other for learning the lessons prescribed. Whereas mildness has the most beneficial influence. It may be likened to the genial rays of the sun, playing on the earth after the sterility of winter, opening its bosom, and impregnating it with germs of fertility. Should tenderness fail to operate, recourse must be had to severity. These cases, it is to be hoped, would not frequently occur in a *limited* seminary:—but, should the unhappy youth prove insensible to the operation of rewards and punishments—it must terminate in his expulsion. Where the mind has been subjected at an early period to salutary regulations, such refractoriness is seldom found. In general, youth are distinguished by activity—by emulation—and by an invincible desire to excel. These laudable propensities, duly cherished, produce that diligence in study which is essential to real improvement—and that assiduous cultivation of the heart which is the basis of every valuable acquisition.

This transient *survey* of what relates to *one* of the *most* important of all subjects, shall be concluded in the words of Mr. Addison—“*I consider an human soul, without education, like marble in the quarry, which shews none of its inherent beauties until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.*”

If



If my reader will give me leave to change the allusion soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate *the force of education*, which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us, that a statue lies hid in a block of marble, and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, and the sculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, *education* is to an human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero, the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a *plebeian*, which a *proper education* might have dis-interred, and have brought to light."

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## ORIGIN OF THE SECT

CALLED

### ANABAPTISTS.

(Concluded from page 226.)

NO sooner were they seated in their authority, than they began the plunder of the churches, burning one, with several adjacent houses, to the ground; running through the city like madmen, and crying, "Repent! and depart from hence, ye ungodly, or meet your deaths!" At the same time, arming themselves, they drove every person, whether papist or protestant, out of the city, and seized and confiscated their effects\*.

In order to introduce a general equality of property, one of their chief prophets, John Matthiessen, issued a proclamation, commanding every one, under pain of death, to deliver up all their gold, silver, and other effects, to be deposited in houses appointed for that purpose. This, after some murmuring, was complied with.

\* Sleiden, l. c. p. 153.

Matthiessen

Matthiessen then commanded, that all books, except the Bible, should be brought together and burnt: and this order as supinely borne, and as speedily effected.

A smith, named Hubert Truteling, dared to ridicule the prophet.—Matthiessen assembled the people, condemned him to death, and executed the sentence himself, by throwing Truteling on the ground, and transfixing him with a pike\*: but in this state, being only half dead, he caused him to be dragged to some distance, and then shot him with a harquebuls. Yet, notwithstanding all this, Matthiessen spared no time to put the city in a proper state of defence; and to withstand the feared and threatened siege.

In March, 1534, the bishop *Francis*, of Munster, appeared before the city with a considerable force, and commanded the siege. Matthiessen and the inhabitants sallied upon the besiegers, and with such courage, that they actually routed a part of the army, and returned victorious, and loaded with booty. Immediately after, Matthiessen chose out of his followers thirty young men, and made known to the people, that God the Father had ordained him and them to sally out alone and discomfit the forces of the bishop. Armed with a long spear, he approached the camp, but with his followers, was butchered by the first troop they encountered.

John Bocold, commonly called John van Leiden, in spite of this disaster, encouraged the people, telling them, that the fate of Matthiessen had long ago been revealed to him, as he was to marry his widow.—John van Leiden immediately assumed the station of Matthiessen; destroyed the churches, and overturned the tilt. He named Munster the kingdom of Sion; appointed twelve judges for the tribes in Israel; reversed every rank, and appointed the burgo-master Knipperdolling, a public executioner. At the same time he introduced polyga-

\* Sleiden lx. p. 153. Lambertus Hortensius de tumultibus Anabaptistarum. T. ii. p. 1309.

my, took three wives at once, and shortly after increased that number to fourteen. About the 24th June, 1534, there appeared a new prophet, a goldsmith of Wahreardorf. This prophet gave out, as the command of the Heavenly Father, that John van Leiden should be the sovereign ruler, and king of the earth; and that he would, at the head of any army, put to death all kings and princes, and only suffer the lowest class to exist. As soon as the prophet had finished his mission, John van Leiden fell upon his knees, and said—"Brethren, this has already, some days ago, been revealed to me; but another, not I, was to announce it."

Thus did the infatuated rabble advance to their sovereign, the taylor of Leiden. His first act was to supercede the twelve judges; to appoint ministers and courtiers; causing at the same time two crowns, a sword of state, a neck chain, sceptre, &c. to be made of the finest gold, for his use; and fixed certain days for public audiences. He never went abroad but with a numerous and pompous retinue; and followed by two young men on horseback, one of whom carried his crown and Bible, and the other a naked sword. On the market-place, a sumptuous throne was erected, on which he adjudged all causes and complaints, in general concerning divorces, which every day became more frequent. Munster was now the seat of every excess which the wildest fanaticism, the lowest sensuality\*, and the most merciless cruelty could commit. Its new sovereign gave the rein to his sensual desires, and encouraged his followers to imitate him, as it was absolutely necessary to keep them in a state of insensibility, to avoid their remarking the inevitable danger to which they were exposed.

If, unfortunately, any one ventured to awake from this torpor, or began to entertain doubts, he was instantly butchered before the assembly of the people. Even one of his wives did John Van Leiden, for this reason, deca-

\* Robertson's Charles V. vol. 2. p. 343.

pitate with his own hands, and danced afterwards with the surrounding populace, round her yet bleeding and warm trunk \*.

At length, on the 13th December, 1534, the unwearyed exertions of the bishop of Munster procured a meeting of the circles at Coblentz, where it was resolved to aid the bishop with a force of three hundred horse, and three thousand foot, under the command of the Count Wirick von Daun and Oberstein. Part of the Hessian troops were, by an article of the treaty of Caden, ordered to march to quell the rebels. The king of the Romans, (Ferdinand, by desire of the circular meeting assembled a diet of the empire at Worms; on which, after endless disputes, a sum of one hundred thousand gold guilders was voted † for the pay of the troops, and for the continuance of the siege. These subsidies were, however, so slowly paid, that the troops broke out in almost open mutiny, and thereby rendered the main attack impracticable. But as if to counterbalance this calamity, the famine and mortality in the city increasing, a few of the inhabitants regained their reason, and endeavoured to stop the miseries they experienced.

In consequence of this revolution, two of the Burghers escaped out of the town into the camp, and there described to the besiegers a way to master the city. The bishop and Count Oberstein again summoned the besieged to surrender; but meeting with a scornful answer, they prepared for the assault, and by the assistance of a deserter, seized upon one of the postern gates, on the night of the 24th of June, 1535, and, through an adjacent gate, let in the bishop's forces. The inhabitants withdrew to the market-place; and finding, after an obstinate resistance, that all was in vain, they threw down

\* Ant. Corvinus de miserabili Monasteriensium Anabaptistaum obsidione cet. ap. Schard. T. ii. p. 1324.

† Reichs abschied zu Worms von 1535, neue Sammlung, D. R. A. Vol. 2. p. 407. ff.

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their arms, and entreated for mercy. Rothmann fell, covered with wounds; but Johann van Leiden, Knipperdolling, and Krecting, one of the ministers, were secured as prisoners.

At length, on the 23d of January, 1536, these infatuated monsters were led forth to suffer death under the most studied torments. Placed on the highest tower in Munster, the iron cages are still visible, where their bodies were deposited; an awful warning to all men, to beware of the first approach to fanaticism and blasphemy.

JOHN FREDERIC RUNKEL.

29th March, 1798.

### A TALE OF TALES;

OR, ONE WITHOUT END,

*&c. &c. &c.*

*(Concluded from page 283.)*

EMILY was gone from home; and when she returned, it was so late that her father did not think fit to prosecute his intention. On the morrow, he had just sat down with the hope of enticing Emily to the subject, when Mr. Bentley was announced.

He bowed. The conversation became various, and the subject of love being mentioned, as Emily appeared inclined to discuss it, Bentley pursued his enquiries. "And madam," said Bentley, "if I may be permitted this freedom, pray what are your thoughts of love?" Emily smiled—"It is an odd question, Mr. Bentley; and I believe I am rather singular in my opinions. But, forgetting the singularity, as I am sure you will in me, I will give you my sentiments of love." Here Emily's

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vivacity

vivacity subsided into seriousness, and she was proceeding when Campion appeared. "Now pray go on, Emily," said Charles: "I know what you are talking about, and the conversation promises to be interesting." "Love then, (resumed Emily) is essentially an affair of the heart! The imagination may clothe it: but it must derive no value from the senses."—"I think exactly in that way;" returned Campion. "Well, Bentley, (interrupted Mr. Simson,) and what are your notions of love?" Bentley was silent.

"But this is not fair; (returned Mr. Simson,) you shall not escape. Come, give us what you think, and give it freely." "My sentiments on this subject (said Bentley, casting a look of intreaty towards Emily, for any thing wherein he might oppose her) are so different to what I have just heard, and perhaps so singular, that I almost fear to avow them: but relying on Mr. Simson's disposition, I will speak them. Love then, as far as I have had an opportunity to observe it, is, in the first instance, very seldom *an affair of the heart*."—"You do not mean *real* love!" exclaimed Emily. "I was afraid I might offend;" rejoined Bentley, "but, if Emily will listen while I explain, I hope she will not be ultimately offended."—"She cannot be," said Mr. Simson. "This code appears to me," imposed Charles, "so fundamentally wrong, that it has left me in perfect amazement. Mr. Bentley will do us the favour to continue." "I said that love, in the first instance, was very seldom an affair of the heart; and now," continued Bentley, "I shall offer a few notes on my text. Generally speaking, did ever any one hear of love *originating* with the heart? Are not the *senses* the medium through which we perceive either grief or joy, reproach or fame?—Love also is communicated by *this* channel. The person is pleasing, or we think it so; the manners are agreeable, or we feel them to be so; and therefore we love. By a repetition of these objects, they are imperceptibly engraven

engraven on the mind, and reflection endears them to the heart. This, to me, appears the progress of love: for, if love were principally an affair of the heart, how shall we account for the attachments we daily witness?—wise men and ignorant women; apathy and sensibility. But all that I have said of susceptibility to pleasing objects, and the appropriation made of them by the reflection, are as much the province of friendship as of love, till that feeling which must always render them distinct, and which is peculiar to love, gives energy and beauty to its subject.” “I do not think,” said Mr. Campion, “that your definition is strictly pure. The feeling you allude to ought never to interfere with the course of an *exalted* attachment.”—“I know not how that may be, Mr. Campion, never having felt as you describe the force of an *exalted* attachment. But this I will venture, (and Mr. Simson shall decide by experience), that where those feelings do not act as a cause, they will not be long before they follow as a *consequence*. I have not time to defend my remarks: I must leave them to the candour of Miss Simson, and to the judgment of her father.” Mr. Simson smiled as young Bentley withdrew. A long conversation ensued, wherein Emily stated her platonic, and Campion defended them. The old gentleman bore no part in the discussion.

When, however, Campion was off, Mr. Simson endeavoured to reason with his daughter on the futility, and even danger of her sentiments. He commended Mr. Bentley.—

“You say nothing of Charles:”—“Because I cannot say any thing well of him, Emily.” “I am sure he is preferable to Mr. Bentley.”—“I wish I could think so.”—Why, his opinions are so great and amiable—so exalted, so noble.”—“They may be all that you have said, my dear child! I wish, for your happiness, as well as mine, they may be: but I would have you not forget what Mr. Bentley advanced!”—“He seemed to me to be grovelling and narrow-minded!”

" Well, Emily, I will say no more at this time, except that I have lived long in the world, and think that what was said by young Bentley will some day be found deserving your attention."

Mr. Bentley saw with evident concern the state of Emily's mind. The late conversation served but to increase his suspicions of Campion. He admired Mr. Bentley—but saw, at least for the present, no prospect of opposing him to Charles, as it regarded Emily.

Some days had elapsed; Charles had increased his affiduities, and Bentley had declined visiting at Mr. Simon's; probably judging from the tenour of their last meeting, that while his presence might increase the dislike already manifested towards him by Emily, he could no longer be beneficial to her honour. Calling one morning, when her friends were from home, Charles drew her into their favourite dialogues, and so artfully veiled his real intentions, as to induce her to leave her father's for a few hours. What was said at this juncture never afterwards transpired.

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AMICUS.

### POLITENESS.

**P**OLITENESS is a virtue of so much importance, and of so much use in sweetening the bitters of life, that I cannot but wonder how it has so long been suffered to decay, while that noxious weed, vanity, usurping its place, hath received every addition of culture, and every sacrifice of taste. The politeness which is at present nourished in society, springs from a most polluted soil; it originates in a wish to be admired, and is strengthened by education and example: that which I shall recommend, hath its origin in the heart, is implanted by nature, and improved



improved by the exercise of virtue. The ultimate of *true Politeness*, (which indeed is but a confined name for philanthropy), is to render every one pleased with himself:—to effect this, it industriously strives to fling the shining qualities of its possessor into the shade, while those of others are brought forward by this attempt. A heart possessing this most estimable virtue, perpetually puts the best construction upon all the actions of mankind, by which means it is enabled, (without feeling for a moment the despicable littleness of bowing to vice), to exert all its powers of pleasing, in almost every company. Most assuredly we owe this tax to the state in which we live. Our fellow-citizens exact from us, forbearance, modesty, and charity; if we have these, abundantly, it is impossible to be otherwise than polite and pleasing. It cannot be denied, but that much of this sweetness of heart is born, and grows up with us, and that many most worthy people have but little delicacy of manners; yet it is full as certain, that these worthy people would be more beloved, were they less austere;—and that most of their good actions arise more from the conviction of duty, than the impulse of a warm heart. Politeness is the only virtue which can be seen at once, upon a first interview; and as it is even more fascinating than a beautiful person, it ought surely to be well considered, and carefully cultivated. For this purpose, we must begin by purifying our natures, and annihilating our vanity.—We must teach ourselves to unself (if I may so to express it); to forget all our own wants, discontents, and anxieties; to stifle our private sorrows, suppress our little animosities, silence our brilliant scandals, and finally extinguish our own wishes, in a constant endeavour to prevent those of others. The man who does this, will be loved as much as he deserves to be, and though no one may perhaps know, why they feel more warmly for him, than for the rest of the intelligent and good of their acquaintance; yet all will acknowledge, that he is perpetually amiable, even while he appears the least of consequence

in the whole party. To make men pleased with themselves, is surely a very innocent art, if we do not extend it to iniquity and insolence; but that, I think, is scarcely likely, as I am convinced, that the heart which could sacrifice its own gratifications to yield pleasure to its fellow-creatures, would possess that spirit of virtue which would teach it to shew most forcibly its abhorrence of vice. Yet genuine politeness does not confine its powers to making men pleased with themselves: if it did, it must be considered as offering incense to our very worst feelings—Pride. No! it is inspired by philanthropy, and consequently seeks to make us pleased with each other. In this view of it, how clearly do we not perceive the difference between the true and the *false*: that quality which now usurps the name of Politeness, is exercised only upon present objects, and in other societies, possibly employs those very objects as subjects of ridicule and derision. The politeness of the heart knows nothing of this; it is uniform in its opinions, and therefore in its practice; the care which it takes of the feelings of the person upon whom it is exercised, it considers equally necessary in regard to their character. Those whom it hath once treated with urbanity, it speaks of perpetually with kindness: it is watchful for every opportunity of virtuous praise, and as assiduous in concealing those little foibles to which our weak nature is incident. Raillery and scandal, those ready auxiliaries of fashion and conversation, can never proceed from the lips of a polite man: he would blush to amuse one being with the frailties of another, deeply conscious, that when we laugh at the character of one of our acquaintance, we teach the remainder to tremble for themselves: men who endeavour to please by this method, are not aware how much the practice is to their disadvantage. It may amuse a company while they are together, and when every thought is lost in the gaiety of a revel; but when each retires to his home, when the mists of hilarity are dispersed, he will despise the creature who diverted solely

solely by his malevolence and ill-nature. We find too, that the important quality of politeness, is more frequently neglected by literary people, than any other class of society; and from this cause they are seldom so amiable as those who have less general powers of becoming so. But let these people search into their *hearts*; will they not find *those* affections, vanity and selfishness? surely they will. Such a chilling disregard of all the forms of life, and the charms of urbanity, arises merely from these principles, and perpetually casts the deepest shade over the brightest talents. An attentive observer will be convinced, that elegance of manners hath its source in elegance of mind, and that where you do not find the former, the latter never did, nor never can exist. These awful prodigies of learning, are not apprised of this simple truth;—they pore over abstract speculations, till they abstract themselves from every thing which is human; till they annihilate all the social graces of their nature; and then they appear at intervals amongst us, to be stared at like a comet, whose very glory is its terror.—Without any claims upon society, but respect for their talents, they exact love and admiration. *Wonder* they *may* excite; but all tender and more endearing sensations, are reserved for more amiable beings. Inferior minds cannot reverence, because they never can *comprehend* them; and superior ones, if really superior, know well, that where the manners are rugged, the disposition is so too; that the sole end of all acquirements is to make us better citizens, better relations, better friends; and that therefore, when study, by abstracting us from all the connexions of life, loosening the bonds of civil society and domestic comfort, has failed of producing these effects, it has been not only useless, but worthless.

CAROLINE.

## ACCOUNT OF

## THE PRESENT STATE OF LISBON,

*And of the Theatrical Entertainments of the Portuguese.*

BY JAMES MURPHY, ESQ.

THE new square, or *Praça do Comercio*, is six hundred and fifteen feet long, by five hundred and fifty feet broad, bounded on three sides by buildings, and on one side by the Tagus. The north wing is occupied by the royal exchange and custom-house. A continued arcade extends the whole length of the wing, which affords communication with the several offices and stores. In the distribution of these apartments, both externally and internally, convenience and strength are all the architect appears to have had in view, and indeed very little more is necessary for any custom-house. Here are no palaces for commissioners to dwell in, nor dark cells for clerks to write in, nor cellars floating with water to hold dry goods; whoever wishes for these improvements, will find them, and a great deal more, in the new custom-house of Dublin.

In the centre of the above square is an equestrian statue, of bronze, of Joseph the first; a work of no inconsiderable merit, and the only one of the kind that was ever erected to any of the sovereigns of Portugal. The marquis de Pombal was the promoter of this work; intending thereby to honour his royal master, and at the same time to add a sprig of laurel to his own brow. The portrait of this minister, executed in bronze, was placed on the side of the pedestal, but it continued there no longer than he maintained his power; it was torn down immediately when he lost his master and his place, by those who a few days before paid homage to the original. We cannot but admire the indifference he evinced

evinced when informed of this circumstance: "I am glad of it," said he, "for it was not like me."

When we consider the humble state of the arts in Portugal, and the difficulty of executing such a magnificent statue, we must allow that great praise is due to those who had the conducting of it. The model was made by a sculptor named Joaquim Machado De Castro, who also designed and executed the emblematic groups at the sides of the pedestal. It is from the latter every artist and amateur will judge of the merits of this sculptor, particularly the group at the north side, which must be allowed to possess great taste, delicacy, and spirit.

The figure and the horse are also very noble productions; but in casts of this kind we must not look for excellence in the detail, as the delicate touches of the chisel are always lost in the foundry; if the general form and the masses will bear the test of criticism, we can expect no more, and in this respect De Castro has acquitted himself in a masterly manner.

Nor has Bartholomew de Costa, the founder of this statue, been deficient of abilities, as far as related to his part; he cast the whole in one piece, without failing even in a single member: a circumstance which, one excepted, has not, perhaps, occurred in any other work of the kind, of equal magnitude, since the restoration of the art of casting equestrian statutes in bronze. And yet I am not certain if this be not larger than the exception we allude to; namely, the equestrian statue of Louis the Fourteenth, in the Place de Vendome at Paris; which, if it still exist, is twenty-one French feet in height, and was cast in one piece by Balthazar Keller, a native of Zurich. But De Costa not only cast the above statue, but also conveyed it from the foundry, and raised it on the lofty pedestal on which it stands.

The sculptor and founder are both natives of Portugal: the latter has been honoured and rewarded for his ingenuity, by being promoted to the rank and pay of brigadier in the service; and it is allowed by all who know

know him, that his talents do honour to that high rank. But Machado de Castro, the sculptor, who has an undoubted claim to the principal merit of the work, as a designer and modeller of it, is neglected and forgotten: indeed, there is not one Portuguese in a thousand who knows that he was the author of it; and though his talents entitle him to be ranked with the first artists of the age, he is scarcely known in his native country. It is true, that his majesty created him a knight on that occasion; but since then he has been left to pine in obscurity in an attic cell. A short time before I left Lisbon, I was assured, from respectable authority, that he petitioned a gentleman high in office to have the floor of his wretched apartment repaired.

Portugal, like Ireland, is become celebrated for the manner in which at all times she has treated her native sons of distinguished merit. We find in the annals of both nations men, whose works have enlightened succeeding generations, persecuted, despised, and the rays of science given to illumine mankind, expiring in a prison or an hospital, like an exhausted lamp. The great prince Henry was reviled and scorned by those who considered themselves as the great men of his country, as Galileo was by the Italians, and looked upon as an aquatic knight errant, whilst (to speak in the language of allegory) he was enlarging the boundaries of the universe. Admiral Pacheco, who astonished the eastern world with the greatness of his actions, and at his return to Lisbon received honours adequate to a triumph, was soon after cast into prison, loaded with chains; and though he was found innocent of the alledged misdemeanors, he was left to subsist the remainder of his days upon charity. The fate of Magellan, Vernei, and Vieira, are well known, and also that of Camoens, the Virgil of Portugal, who ended his days in an alms-house; and whilst he was giving the last hand to his immortal numbers, lived on the pittance begged for him by his black servant in the streets of Lisbon. We wish, for the ho-

nour

nour of Portugal, that Machado de Castro may close its catalogue of neglected talents.

The following account of the public amusements is characteristic and interesting:

There are two theatres here for dramatic performances; on Sundays they are much crowded. I could perceive but few ladies among the audience, and these, with few exceptions, sat, not promiscuously in the company of the men, as in other theatres, but apart. The music was excellent, the dresses and scenery tolerable, the acting indifferent, or rather bad. Of late years no females are allowed to perform on the stage; hence, the men are obliged to assume the female garb. How provoking it was to see the tender, the beautiful Ignez de Castro represented by one of these brawny artificial wenches, especially in that affecting scene where she appears, with her two infant children, at the king's feet supplicating for mercy. The simple recital of this affecting passage, as written by Luis, is sufficient to melt an audience into tears, yet the man-*mid*-wife who delivered it brought forth no tears, but the tears of the poet, for the abortion of his piece. Instead of the delicate faltering accents of the fair victim, he roared

“ ——— like the ocean when the winds

Fight with the waves ———

——— dying accents fell, as wrecking ships

After the dreadful yell, sink murmuring down,

And bubble up a noise.”

*Lee's Œdip.*

The other actors, particularly those who represented king Alfonso and Don Pedro, were not deficient in sentiment or action. They possessed a good deal of that graceful unconstrained manner we admire in the French actors.

The circus for the bull-fights is but a short distance from the above theatres. This amusement is declining very fast in the capital. The performances I witnessed here were inferior to what I saw at Leiria, but not quite

so

so cruel. And after all, perhaps the manner of tearing the bulls with mastiffs, as in England and other parts of Europe, is not less barbarous than the manner of tormenting them in Spain and Portugal; but we are apt to see defects in our neighbours, whilst we are blind to our own, like the Lamanian witches, who, according to the facetious Rabelais, in foreign places had the penetration of a lynx, but at home they took out their eyes and laid them up in wooden slippers.

Another scene, of a more novel nature, invites our attention; that is, the manner of catching black cattle in Brazil.

I was present at the circus when this curious spectacle was exhibited, the first of the kind, as I was told, ever represented in Lisbon. It conveyed a good idea of the manner in which the inhabitants of that fertile region catch their cattle. They kill the animals for the sake of their hides, which are brought to Portugal to be manufactured. Of the flesh I understand the Brazilians make but little account; they barely take as much as is sufficient for present exigence, and leave the rest a prey to the birds and beasts of the forests.

The circus was very crowded on this occasion: about five in the afternoon, a native of Pernambuco entered the arena mounted upon a spirited horse of the Arabian breed. The rider was of a copper colour, of a strong and active figure, his hair black, and his head uncovered. He wore a loose mantle, somewhat like the paludamentum of the ancient Romans. The skin of a wild beast was loosely thrown over the horse instead of a saddle, from which were suspended two cords for stirrups. The whole appeared quite in character.

As soon as the cavalier had paid his obeisance to the audience, a bull, whose natural ferocity was heightened in the stall, rushed in, and had nearly overturned him in the first onset; the fleetness of his horse, and the dexterity with which he managed the reins, only could have saved his life. The furious animal pursued him several times

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times round the arena till he became tired, after which he stood panting in the middle of the ring.

The horseman still continued his circular course at an easy pace, holding a long cord in his hand, with a slip-knot at the end of it: having watched a proper opportunity, he cast it over the horns of the bull, and rode twice round him; then ordering the gate to be thrown open, he made off in full speed, till he came to the full length of the cord; upon which he received a check that drew him on his back, and made the horse caper on his hind feet; nevertheless he clung to him by his knees, and in this reclined posture, held the cord in both hands, and the bridle in his mouth. The bull at this time was entangled by the rope, with his head drawn in between his fore feet, and incapable of motion. The Brazillian dismounted, approached, and drew from beneath his mantle a short hunting spear, which, with an apparent slight force, he darted into the head of the animal, in consequence of which he instantly fell down and expired.

## THE DRAMA.

### DRURY LANE.

#### THE STRANGER.

March 24. **T**HE *Dramatis Personæ* of this play are as follow:

Count Walbourg . . . . .	Mr. Kemble
Baron Steinfort . . . . .	Mr. Palmer
Count Winterfon . . . . .	Mr. Barrymore
Mr. Solomon . . . . .	Mr. Wewitzer
Peter . . . . .	Mr. Suett
Tobias . . . . .	Mr. Aickin
Francis . . . . .	Mr. R. Palmer
Mrs. Haller, Countess Walbourg	Mrs. Siddons
Countess Winterfon . . . . .	Mrs. Goodall
Charlotte . . . . .	Miss Stewart

Count Walbourg (*the Stranger*) possessed of a strong sensibility, through the infidelity of a beloved wife, becomes a misanthropic recluse in a cottage adjacent to the mansion of Count Winterfon. The wife of the Stranger has eloped with a young gentleman, an intimate friend; but the hour of repentance overtakes her, and she applies (under the name of Mrs. Haller) to the Countess of Winterfon for protection. It is granted, and she resides as an upper house-keeper, at the country seat of the family. At this seat the Count and Countess of Winterfon with Baron Steinfort their brother, intend to fix their residence. At the first interview with Mrs. Haller, the Baron becomes enamoured of her charms, and engages his sister to forward his suit. A conversation upon the subject, between the Countess and Mrs. Haller, divulges the guilt of the latter, which, however, the Countess promises to conceal. At this time Count Winterfon, surveying the different improvements on his grounds, owing to the rottenness of materials composing a Chinese bridge, falls into a pond and endangers his life. The Stranger, happening to be near the spot, saves him, and immediately hurries back to his cottage. The Count sends for him, but he refuses the invitation. The Baron then goes, and in the person of the Stranger unexpectedly recognises the dear friend of his youth, Charles the Count of Walbourg. He becomes acquainted with his misfortunes, but cannot prevail upon him to go to the castle, until he informs him of his own love affair, and solicits him to intercede in his behalf. By these means the husband and wife are unconsciously brought together, and, in a second interview, their two children, who were at nurse a few miles off, are introduced, a conciliation takes place, and the curtain falls amidst the embraces of the concerned parties.

The frequent announcement and postponement of this play, excited great expectations in the public; but, "the mountain laboured and brought forth a mouse." The piece has neither wit nor humour, and, wanting these, deserves

deserves not the name of comedy. As a substitute for these requisites, much buffoonery was displayed by Mr. Suett; a large portion of which, however, owing to a just disapprobation of the audience, has been since omitted. The ponderosity of dialogue, and the paucity of incidents, are such, that the interest occasioned by the two last acts cannot possibly be said to compensate for the dullness of the three first, which are heavy and dragging in the extreme.—There are some radical defects in this play, which must prevent its becoming a standard favourite with the public. It is without a moral. Poetical justice demands that the Countess of Walbourg should either have been proved innocent, or have suffered the punishment due to her crime, neither of which is the case.—Is this a pattern for our fair country women? Ought this to be tolerated on a British stage?—Surely not. When we behold the Count receiving to his arms the woman who has wounded him in the tenderest part—his honour, we blush for the degradation of masculine sensibility, and deplore the cause of injured virtue.—The *denouement* is defective also in other respects. It is ridiculous, immoral, and offends against nature. We never hear a syllable of the lady's paramour; what became of him, or why she left him: and her husband receives her—he knows not why. “These things ought not to be.” Forgiveness should not have walked before explanation.

Count Walbourg is the identical Penruddock of Cumberland's comedy of the “*Wheel of Fortune*,” which comedy, being much better adapted to the English stage, rendered the translation of Koterëbusply totally unnecessary.

Kemble's performance of the *Stranger* will not bear a comparison with that of Penruddock. We have also seen Mrs. Siddons \* to much greater advantage.

\* This lady takes the “*Stranger*” for her benefit, on which night an additional scene is to be introduced. This may possibly obviate some of our objections.

COVENT

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 COVENT GARDEN.

March 31. Mr. Lewis's benefit. The "School for Scandal" supported by the whole strength of the company. First time, "*The Raft*," by Mr. Cross. This *petit* piece possesses nothing extraordinary; but, owing to the subject, promises to have a tolerable run.—To this was added "*Lovers' Quarrels*."

April 9. "*The Orphan*," and the "*Raft*," with a compiled pantomime for the holiday folks.

April 17. Mr. Holman's benefit. "*Curiosity*," a comedy by the late king of Sweden, translated by a Mr. Trap. It was well received. Should it be repeated, our readers shall have a full account thereof in our next.

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 ROYALTY THEATRE.

After a season of the most unprecedented and unjust persecution, by the *liberal* manager of Covent Garden, assisted by his *worthy* friend, the *sapient* and *learned* Justice Staples, this theatre has closed: and we flatter ourselves, notwithstanding the exertions of malice, with considerable profit to the managers. Next season we anticipate a liberal support and a complete triumph.

## EASTER MONDAY.

Sadler's Wells, Astley's, and the Royal Circus, opened this evening, with their usual attractions, for the summer.

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THE  
*PARNASSIAN GARLAND,*

FOR APRIL, 1798.

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*THE WANDERINGS OF CUPID.*

AS Cupid in his mother's arms  
Repos'd him on her bosom's charms,  
Mischief still playing round his heart,  
He pierc'd her flyly with a dart;  
A dart which from Adonis came,  
Shbt by a smile, and launch'd in flame,  
" Begone, perfidious !" Venus cried,  
And cast him from her bleeding side,—  
" Go, wander round the world, till time  
Hath dull'd the memory of thy crime."—  
Love stretch'd his little arms in vain,  
Venus was madden'd with the pain;  
Bid him begone, and, to be short,  
The boy was fairly banish'd court.  
Long on the earth he strayed about,  
For every bosom shut him out;  
Licentiousness and wealth had gained  
The empire, he had else obtain'd;  
These quench'd his fires, and all his arrows  
Were spent against the doves and sparrows.  
He traversed Italy and Greece;  
He sought voluptuous Turkey's peace;

He burn'd beneath the Indian skies,  
 And froze, where snowy Lapland lies.  
 Sick at his heart, fatigued in frame,  
 To us the little vagrant came:  
 In Britain's court, he found those graces  
 He vainly fought in other places.  
 He paused, as giddy with the sight,  
 For ev'ry female seem'd t'invite;  
 In Lambert's auburn locks, he thought  
 To find the shelter which he sought;  
 To Rutland's dignity of eye,  
 He poised his wing, resolv'd to fly,  
 But Asgill's beauty stopp'd the boy: }  
 Then Heathcote, with her past'ral look,  
 Again his resolution shook:  
 Then Knight, with teeth of snow, and eyes  
 All lustre, snatch'd the glorious prize:—  
 Then Sheridan's eccentric air  
 Seduc'd him from the brilliant fair;  
 When Jerfey look'd, and Cupid flew,  
 Bidding all other forms adieu;  
 But ere he paused, with sudden start,  
 He turn'd in horror from her heart:  
 Then laughing Oxford's smiles transfix'd him,  
 And in her train had nearly fixed him,  
 When, looking down on Poyntz's breast,  
 He chose its lillies for his nest;  
 But ere he flew, sweet Campbell came,  
 Campbell, wide Britain's boast and fame;  
 He met her blue, her liquid eye;  
 He mark'd her cheeks' carnation dye;  
 Her light-brown locks, unstudied thrown,  
 As if on Summer breezes blown

By sister graces, as they stray'd,  
 Beneath the park's luxuriant shade;  
 He saw her form, her walk, her air,  
 Her arm like alabaster fair;  
 He gazed upon her bosom white,  
 Whose soft luxuriance rose to fight:  
 "O! take me to your arms," he said,  
 While thrilling he approach'd the maid;  
 And now, into her arms he press'd,  
 Now heaved upon her milk-white breast;  
 Now melted with the bloom which decks  
 The pure transparency it speaks.  
 Throbb'd in her azure veins, and roll'd  
 His form in every garment's fold;  
 Thence, stealing to her angel eyes,  
 He bade them look ten thousand sighs,  
 Express in one soft glance, what'er  
 Has raised the lay, or drawn the tear;  
 Speak soul, to every charmed sight,  
 And robe it in a cloud of light;  
 Here staid the boy, till from his throne  
 He made all hearts fair Charlotte's own;—  
 Then, sinking down, into *her* heart,  
 He 'woke it to the tender smart—  
 "Here do I rest, for ever here,  
 For she shall love, and shall be dear;  
 Be dear as mother, dear as wife,  
 And lovelier than her looks, her life."  
 There has he stay'd, and still his rays  
 Shine thro' her eyes' celestial blaze;  
 And an admiring world will own,  
 That love and Campbell both are one!

ANN.

## TO MY SISTER.

THY William is a lovely youth,  
 Possess of every grace;  
 The smiles of innocence and truth,  
 Endear his beauteous face.  
  
 Philanthropy his heart inspires,  
 And beams in his meek eyes;  
 While, prompted by love's genial fires,  
 His graceful blushes rise.  
  
 With what emotions of delight,  
 Thy ardent bosom thrills,  
 When William's look, with pleasure bright,  
 Thine heart with rapture fills.  
  
 Thus is the portion of my joy,  
 By friendship still imprest;  
 When blissful thoughts thy mind employ,  
 I, Emma, too, am blest!

March 1, 1798.

FRANCES.

## SONNETS,

ATTEMPTED IN THE MANNER OF SOME OF OUR  
CONTEMPORARIES.

## I.

## ON THE DEPARTURE OF WINTER.

I'M glad that he is going, hated king!  
 I have known much of his unsoothing sway;  
 But now the "scoundrel monarch" flinks away,  
 And she, the welcome friend, e'en modest spring,



Will reign through March, and two months *following*,

*Videlicet*, both April and sweet May:

But, *kindly*-visitor, I *needs* must say,

At first such cold attendants thou dost bring,

And *aye*, so void of smiles is thy fair face,

That, though I *look*, and *look*, I cannot see

A *vasty* difference in train or grace,

Between the king, with hair of ice, and thee.—

Well, thou art *something like* our British fair,

Who, as we know them more, more *witching* do appear.—

II.

ON I, AND SHE.

BY *others'* bootless strivings warn'd to see,

How weak, how *very* vain it were to hope

To get from all applause unanimous,

At that *far-off*, and *yet-unhitten* scope

I will not level my poor blunderbuss:

No! no! my humbler and sole aim shall be

To act in *such a sort* as to please *HER*,

Whom I *do* love; *aye* I will canvass hard

For her esteem, and *tween* I *verily*,

That the esteem of *one so* good and wise,

When once obtain'd, will worth on *me* confer;

For oft the world a *merey* trifle prize,

If it light on some famous wight's regard:

These hopes do make me sing *so* merrily!

## III.

ON SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED A GOOD  
WHILE AGO.

THE "concord of sweet sounds" increaseth much  
 The *touching proneness* of a tale of woe,  
 If heard and read together: *yea*, all such  
 As harmony does act on, find it so.  
 The time I do remember very well,  
*Heigho!* what change on *frailly* man awaits,  
 I was a *young one* then, (when it befel,  
 That I his hist'ry read, a reprobate's :)  
 And it did happen, as I stood and read  
 Beside it, that a plaintive harpsichord  
 Was tun'd so sweetly, that I turn'd my head  
 And wept, so well did tune and tale accord :  
 But when I do peruse it o'er again,  
 Without such sounds, my eyes, *aye*, all unwet remain.

## IV.

## TO THE QUACKS.

NATURE *does grieve her* much, presuming quacks,  
 At your crude practisings, which more conspire  
 Her children to entomb, than all the attacks  
 Of those fierce agents death avows to hire !  
 O I do shudder at you ! when just now  
 The hand-bill vile, that caus'd these thinkings spring,  
 Within my palm I found—(which there *some-how*  
 Had been convey'd, while at some other thing  
 I was a gazing me)—my startled frame  
 Felt something like *convulsion*—*aye*, no less ;  
 It terror own'd, than scorn and angriness :  
 Meantime the *scrap*, which seem'd the *press to shame*,  
 Like a stark *puff* borne on the wind did fly,  
 Into a night-cart that was passing by.

EDWARD AND PETER STRONGI'TH' ARM.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MISS E. THORNTON.

*A Young Lady devoted to Religion.*

FAIR devotee to virtue's spotless cause!  
 May min'strant angels foster your intent;  
 For mild to you appear the SAVIOUR's laws,  
 And all HIS maxims meet your best consent.  
 Whilst others dance along the gay saloon,  
 Where art's full light sheds imitative day,  
 Or through the Park beneath the waneing noon,  
 Spread all their charms, elaborately gay:  
 'Tis yours to weigh life's temporary joys,  
 To point young passion to its noblest end,  
 To shun the vain, whose frothy converse cloy,  
 And woo religion as your darling friend.  
 Averse to follies that from custom spring,  
 Your placid bosom shall no anguish know;  
 And truth shall mount you on his seraph wing,  
 Far from these sublunary mounds of woe.  
 Adjoin'd to virtue, ne'er from her recede;  
 Then as your person, shall your mind appear,  
 Replete with grace, to beautify each deed;  
 And fraught with lasting charms, to bless each future year!

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ODE.

BY MR. R. A. DAVENPORT.

YES, I have said that on thy cheek  
 The rose and lilly sweetly blended;  
 Have thought whene'er I heard thee speak,  
 Thy voice the lute's soft tones transcended;  
 Have felt the magic from thy bright eyes glancing,  
 And gaz'd enamour'd on thy form entrancing.

Yes, I must own, from thee away,  
 I never aught of pleasure tasted,  
 But many a weary, lingering day,  
 In sighs, and gloomy sadness wasted;  
 Thy every grace in memory retaining,  
 For thee alone, each rival fair disdaining:

But now! no more on thee I rave,  
 Peace, health, and friendship's joys neglected:  
 Those days are past: no more thy slave,  
 I rove impassion'd or dejected;  
 I see thee now, nor feel my heart high-beating,  
 Nor think the hours with envious speed are fleeting.

Yet still I think that thou art fair,  
 As first when love my breast invaded;  
 For neither sickness, pain, or care,  
 Thy beauty's peerless bloom hath faded:  
 Still in each tone, each look, each smile excelling,  
 A thousand nameless witcheries are dwelling.

Why then is fond affection flown?  
 And dost thou ask why thou art slighted!  
 Lady, not form or bloom alone,  
 Or tender voice, my soul delighted:  
 Thy mind as matchless as thy charms believing,  
 Well did I love—O, why wert thou deceiving!

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### MONODY

#### ON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN H. PARRY.

ADDRESSED TO J. L. JONES, ESQ.—FIRST GUARDS.

**I** CALL not Venus with such pallid flowers,  
 As erst she scatter'd on Adonis' grave;  
 I call not Phœbus with those tears he shed  
 O'er Hyacinthus dead—

Weeping the youth he kill'd, and could not save—  
 Ah, no!—I ask no heathen god to rave,  
 I need no eyes to weep, but those that knew  
 The brave, and generous, whom these lines lament;  
 For they have seen, and loved him, and can well  
 Bear heavy witness to this sorrow due.—  
 Alas! young Parry from our sight is rent;  
 He, who was blest by nature, with a spell  
 To charm, by converse sweet, the passing hours;  
 Even he, for whom I form this tuneful knell.

If there be any eye that doth not know  
 The form of Parry, and with cold neglect  
 Weeps not his heavy loss;  
 That doth not bend  
 O'er the chill stone that doth his corse protect;  
 Ah! let it hither look, and I will soon  
 Teach that dull eye with pitying grief to flow;  
 It shall bedew with me the recent moss,  
 Which wraps a mantle round his marble urn.  
 For he was gather'd in his beauty's spring,  
 By cruel death, who biddeth all things end;  
 Even, while in lovely pride he grew, and cast  
 Sweet-smelling odours round,  
 And flourish'd fair,  
 Waving his blossoms on young zephyr's wing—  
 The spoiler came, and on the cold dank ground,  
 With one wide blast,  
 Scatter'd his leaves, and made a desert there.

Yet Parry! tho' thy earthly part is flown,  
 Thy spiritual may, with joy most holy,  
 Mark how we love, and we lament thee here;  
 For thou hast left behind thee on the earth,  
 A laurel'd trophy of thy martial deeds—

And all thy young companions, to thy worth  
 Bear tribute strong;  
 A ceaseless tribute in each falling tear.  
 For thee I hear the gallant Henry sigh,  
 He, whose least sigh is deep as others groan;  
 For thee, the softer Francis mourns alone,  
 And o'er thy early bier,  
 Seen dim by weeping eye—  
 Bends in a trance of tender melancholy.  
 And he, my brother, amiable as dear,  
 O'er thy insensate pall,  
 The drops of sorrow and regard let fall.  
 But chiefly thy first friend demands the song,  
 Who in true mis'ry's weeds,  
 Weeps with afflicted love, that thou art *gone!*

ANNA MARIA PORTER.

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MARY.

AH, feather'd minstrels! how I envy you!  
 “Blest in the full possession of your loves,”  
 Ye have no wish unsatisfied; no griefs  
 Your little bosoms wound; your guileless hearts  
 With gladsome feelings throb; ye spend your days  
 (Ah sweet amusement!) in returning thanks  
 To your all-gracious God. Your constant mates  
 (Oh! how unlike my William!) ramble not  
 To distant lands, but seek adjacent woods  
 To feed their offspring.—

Ye enamell'd lawns!  
 Ye verdant banks! ye fairest scenes of nature!  
 Where William and his Mary (then, indeed,

A stranger to misfortune) oft have stray'd,  
Link'd arm in arm, and social talk enjoy'd;  
No longer sweet sensations ye impart  
To wretched Mary! He, alas! is gone,  
Who made your charms seem lovely to her eyes.

Yon snow-drops, planted by my William's hand,  
Ere he forsook his humble cot, recal  
To my remembrance that delightful time,  
Time never to return! when he declar'd  
This tranquil spot contain'd the only joys  
Dear to his soul.—

O modest flow'rs, clothed  
In snowy vest! emblems of innocence!  
Ye can bear witness to the heartfelt sighs,  
The tender accents, the impassion'd tears,  
And mutual vows, that we have oft exchange'd!  
Alas! ye seem to sympathize with me;  
Ye seem to bend your heads upon the earth,  
In token of your grief!

Ye rosy cherubs!  
Sweet smiling Ferdinand and little James!  
Who scarce have seen three summers, scarce can lisp  
Your father's name; ah! happier ye had been,  
If that dear father had remain'd at home,  
Content! How gladly I should then behold  
Your pretty arms entwined around his neck!

But Providence ordains—and otherwise,  
Fame's brazen trump but sounded in his ear  
The many warlike victories achiev'd  
By Britain's sons; forthwith the latent sparks  
Of inborn valour kindled in his breast:  
He ardently desired, and thence became

A candidate for glory, in a country  
 Far distant from his soil. He too would die  
 A soldier's death. Two twelvemonths have elaps'd,  
 Since William left me, and my tender babes,  
 To the wide world expos'd; yet my fond heart  
 Still owns him lord of my affections; still  
 I long to embrace my husband in my arms.  
 Each morn and eve I offer up my prayers,  
 For William's safety, to the throne of grace!  
 E'en now, perchance, contagious fevers prey  
 Upon his limbs; e'en now, perchance, he lies  
 A breathless corse, amid some Indian isle.  
 But if he live; O may propitious gales  
 Conduct his vessel to old England's coasts!

*Lynn,*

C. —.

*March 16, 1798.*

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### EPIGRAM,

ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES.

OFFICIOUS art! how could'st thou e'er invent  
 The use of veils! which surely must be meant  
 To hide deformity, and not to screen  
 The face where elegance itself is seen.  
 Ye fair, who are so lucky to possess  
 The charms of beauty in its native dress,  
 Give up your unfit veils to those poor creatures,  
 Whom NATURE hath not grac'd with handsome features.

C. —.



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## Literary Review.

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*False Impressions: A Comedy, in Five Acts. By Richard Cumberland, Esq. pp. 74. 2s. Dilly.*

SUCH of our readers as may retain the opinion that we professed of this piece, in our dramatic review, will not wish us to say much on the present occasion. "False Impressions," like all the other productions of this writer, abounds with good sentiment and morals. And, considering the *real* worth of the performance, it was not, as far as it respects pecuniary affairs, confined to the influence of False Impressions. It was written for a day; and it had its day.

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*The Female Ægis: or, the Duties of Women from Childhood to Old Age, and in most Situations of Life, exemplified. 12mo. pp. 187. 2s. 6d. bds. Ginger.*

THE utility of this work will not be doubted, when we assure our readers, that it is abridged from Mr. Gisborne's Duties of the Female Sex; and that it contains the marrow of his performance.

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*The Vales of Wever, a Loco-Descriptive Poem, inscribed to the Rev. John Granville, of Calwich, Staffordshire. By L. Gisborne, Esq. 4to. pp. 88. 5s. bds. Stockdale.*

MR. Gisborne has a very rich kind of a fancy. By some persons he will be eminently admired;—but he is by much too fanciful for us. Many of his lines  
VOL. III. M m might

might do honour to a Della-Crusca; and it is as certain, that they would be objected to by a Gifford.

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*Gale's Cabinet of Knowledge ; or Miscellaneous Recreations.* 12mo. pp. 343. bds. 4s. 6d. Wallis.

**T**HIS is the best selection of the kind we have seen. To the ingenious dealers in paradoxes, enigmas, and rebuses, it will prove a valuable acquisition. Deceptions on cards, optics, &c. are discussed at large, together with much variety of miscellaneous matter.

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*The Progress of Satire: an Essay in Verse. With Notes, containing Remarks on "The Pursuits of Literature."* pp. 32. 1s. Bell, Oxford Street.

**T**HE author of this essay being displeased with "The Pursuits of Literature," has taken the liberty to express his displeasure: and, for the instruction of Mr. Mathias, or any other gentleman who may belong to the P. L. added thereto a dissertation on satire, its history and uses.

" Bold was the man" (as ancient poets say)  
 " Whose feeble bark first plough'd the wat'ry way."  
 As bold the bard, who, panting for renown,  
 Dares launch *his* vessel on that sea—the town,  
 Nor dreads a faction's rage, a rival's spite,  
 Or satire's wanton malice veil'd in night.  
 Yet bolder he who, scorning fashion's power,  
 Ne'er chas'd the gaudy meteors of an hour,  
 On native worth could build his honest claim,  
 And self-supported climb the steep of fame.  
 Fir'd by such hopes immortal Milton sung;  
 Such genuine numbers flowed from Thomson's tongue,  
 When, at the muse's call, to genius true,  
 All nature rose majestic to his view.

Thus,

Thus, Shakespeare, master of the human heart!  
Thy generous soul disdained each grovelling art,  
With fleeting shadows ne'er debas'd the stage,  
But bade thy pictures live through ev'ry age.

" Yet bards less vig'rous, less sublime, could please  
By sprightly fancy, or by native ease,  
On taste, on feeling, true delight impress'd,  
Nor wake one ranc'rous passion in the breast.  
Thus later ages pay with grateful praise  
The well-earn'd debt to Waller's polish'd lays.  
Thus Prior's muse could every grace admit:  
His fertile genius, and his varied wit,  
Now with love's tenderest notes the heart assail,  
Now charm the fancy by some sportive tale.  
Let the true bard, when genuine ardours rise,  
Beam on his soul, and sparkle in his eyes,  
(Each sense, each feeling, waken'd to delight)  
O'er wide creation throw his piercing sight;  
View nature's form sublime, her beauteous face,  
That awes by dignity, or charms by grace;  
Or mark tumultuous passions' fatal strife,  
And trace the varying scenes of human life:  
Where'er bright fancy strays, her rapt'rous dream,  
Deck'd by the muse, inspires the lofty theme.

" Whence then does genius, skill'd alone to reign  
The mighty sov'reign of the Aonian train,  
Each nobler form, each gentler grace, decline,  
To woo the least attractive of the nine?  
In petty wars its splendid powers display,  
And dwell on themes that scarce outlive the day?  
Alas! 'tis envy prompts, or anger sways  
Our hearts, more prone to censure than to praise.

Thus then the muse is degraded.—But we are not bound to assent to all this. *Personal satire* may become the only *effectual* satire; and it is, in this instance, the true office of the satyrist. Without meaning to approve of all that has been written by the author of "*The Pursuits of Literature*," we are convinced, had he not in some cases been personal, that his very spirited and highly seasonable exertions, in the cause of virtue and civil society,

would have been less valuable in their consequences, though equally meritorious in their origin. What has been said of Mr. Burke, may with justice be applied on this occasion—"Nor was he (suppose the author of "the Pursuits of Literature) of a nature to bear unirritated, the confidence of presumptuous ignorance, and "the jests of a boyish levity. He would chastise such "offenders, and he might do it with severity; for he "knew that they would not feel, *if they were not stunned.*" As to his *antagonist*, who accuses the Pursuits of Literature with a want of common candour, and respect for the abilities of others, the reader shall have a specimen of *his* benevolence, in the ensuing speech, which he has framed for the author whom he attacks:

"Sense, genius, learning, wit, in me combine,"  
 A *nameless* sat'rist cries, "all, all are mine!  
 "'Tis mine, by keen unerring judgment graced,  
 "To reign despotic arbiter of taste,  
 "To awe by mystic threats the passive town,  
 "Raise by a smile, extinguish by a frown,  
 "And brand the name of each devoted wight;  
 "But hide my own, secured by friendly night."

Having very comfortably put these words into the mouth of the author of the Pursuits of Literature, *he* is quite at home, and thus happily replies to *himself*:

"Alas! can pride to such importance raise  
 A wretched mortal, puffed by transient praise?  
 Thou, who no faults, no weakness, canst excuse,  
 Hear thy own merits from the ingenuous muse;  
 Who, proud all just distinctions to admit,  
 Proclaims thee *half a poet, half a wit*;  
 Now vig'rous, daring, and almost sublime;  
 Now tagging feeble words to feeble rhyme;  
 Now soaring high, in virtue's sacred cause,  
 Now stooping low, and pecking e'en at straws;  
 Now candid, now by prejudice debased;  
 (A bigot's principles, a pedant's taste)

Prompt

Prompt to repel religion's barbarous foes,  
 Yet crush her sons, and aggravate their woes;  
 And blending love of truth and zeal for right  
 With bloated arrogance and envious spite.  
 Nor think, howe'er she boast her motley rhymes,  
 Thy shapeless muse shall live to after times.  
 No: though sustain'd by mean unworthy art,  
 She feed each baser passion of the heart,  
 Indignant virtue yet shall mark thy shame,  
 And justice blot thee from the rolls of fame."

All which is very ingenious, very smart, and tolerably seasoned, when we consider the *great candour* of the writer, or, which may not be altogether the same thing, the great candour that he exacts in *another*, and *professes* to cherish on his own part.

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*Secrets Worth Knowing: a Comedy, in Five Acts. By Thomas Morton, Esq. Author of "A Cure for the Heart Ache," &c. pp. 72. 8vo. 2s. Longman. 1998.*

"NATURE has nothing made in vain."—Alas! alas! what would our modern dramatists do without usurers and their underlings? False wills, forged deeds, and suppressed papers, are the grand materials with which they fill the fiction of an hour.

*Plethora*, in the hands of Lewis, is a pleasing character, but by no means natural.—A word with Mr. Morton, "*Secrets Worth Knowing*" might certainly be cut down to a very decent Farce.

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*Britannia. A Poem, &c. &c. By John Gorton. pp. 32. 6d. Symonds.*

IF the quality of this "Poem" did but equal the quantity, there would indeed be too much of it for sixpence. Mr. Gorton is "a true-born Englishman;" and we are sorry we cannot hail him as a poet.

*The Spirit of the Public Journals, for 1797. Being an Impartial Selection of the most exquisite Essays and Jeux D'Esprits, principally Prose, that appear in the Newspapers, and other Publications. With explanatory Notes, and Anecdotes of many of the Persons alluded to. (To be continued Annually.)* Phillips, Richardson, &c. &c. pp. 442. 12mo. 5s. bds.

THE public must have expected much from this performance, as it was announced to be selected "by a gentleman of distinguished taste and judgment." Add to this, we are now informed by the gentleman himself—"It was equally the wish and interest of the editor to gratify all parties; and that he might do so, he waded through a great number of files of ministerial papers, till he was woefully convinced of the truth of Mr. Burke's observation, that "the balance of intellect is entirely on the side of the Jacobins." The wit and humour of the adverse faction, as far at least as he could judge from the evidence of the Public Journals, may be compared to "*two grains of wheat, hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the search.*" This, we must say, is a pretty open introduction to the volume before us, and if the reader expect, as no doubt he will, that it is entirely a party selection, the expectation will be thoroughly verified. First, then, we will present him with some extracts which appear to us valuable, and we shall afterwards find occasion to remark, not merely on "the wit and humour of the jacobins," for on that we have something to observe, which we hope will repay observation, but also on the known temper of this editor, this "Gentleman of distinguished taste and judgment," whose notes, and we presume he did not find *these* in the newspapers, found a jacobinism as rank, as low, and as determined as his selections.

## TO LORD CHATHAM\*.

MY LORD,

"I am an old seaman, and learnt to hand, reef, and steer, at the time when your father was at the helm of the nation, and when you, as I take it, were hardly upon the stocks. So, do you see, I have a mind to give you a bit of advice. If you take it as you ought, why, so much the better for you and old England. If you're angry, you may please yourself again; for I don't care a stale chew of tobacco for the foul-weather looks of any fair-weather Jack in the three kingdoms.

What I want you to do is, to turn out of your birth at the Admiralty, and make room for somebody who knows the cat-head from the capstern. I wonder what lubber it was *rated you able!* and what right you have to know any thing of sea-faring matters. You can ride, I am told. But do you know which is the best way to ride out a gale of wind? You are fond of *Port*, I hear; and so are all fresh-water sailors; but I'll bet you a round dozen, that you don't know the land-marks of any port in Europe. You can set a hundred pounds upon a throw at hazard; but can you *set up* the main rigging, and be d—d to you? Not you, I'll answer for it; for unless you're d—n—bly belied, you're only fit to lie *water-logged* in your hammock, till three or four o'clock P. M. when the time for working your day's work is over†.

Its

\* As Lord Chatham retired from the Admiralty a few days after this letter appeared, it was supposed to have been the cause of his giving up his post. It is, at any rate, certain, that he was at great pains to find out the Admiral; meaning, no doubt, to reward him, if not to recal an officer of such energetic character to active service. But the good veteran's modesty defeated his kind intentions.

† His lordship is said to play and drink equally deep; to eat broiled beef-bones at three or four in the morning; and to lie a-bed till three or four in the afternoon. It is said also, that the accident which the Admiral seems to allude to, by the word *water-logged*, happens now and then. As to riding, it is well known that persons who call on official business, even at ten o'clock at night, were regularly told—that his lordship was gone to take a ride!

Its no wonder, then, if every thing goes to leeward: if the French pick up our merchant-men, and scour the Channel, the Bay, and the North Sea, with a few frigates, while half the ships we have in commission are enough to blow their whole navy out of the water. We told them another-guise story last war. If any of the *Mounseers* dared to pop out of port then, we soon showed them the way into our harbours. Was not I with Commodore Elliot, when we took all Thurot's squadron, after a brisk action of seven glasses? D-mme! we laid them close along-side, and did not fire a gun till we could see the white of their eyes. It would have done any body good to be there. In that engagement I lost three fingers, my hearing, and an iron-bound hat.

Those were glorious days for old England! We have not seen such a long while, and I'm afraid we never shall again. But the first Lord of the Admiralty, in those days, was no lubber; and ships were given to your fine, old, *rough-shun* fellows, with hard faces, that could stand all weathers; and not to the puny sons and bastards of noblemen, who are sea sick, and come skulking into port whenever it blows a cap-full of wind.

Now, don't you go for to fancy, because I say this, that I'm one of the old disappointed captains, who have been plying to windward for these two years past, without getting a ship.—Not I.—I was laid upon the shelf at the beginning of last peace, because I had too much spirit to cringe to a Lord of the Admiralty. And even, if I was not superannuated, before I'd dance attendance upon you, as some of my old messmates do every day, till four or five o'clock in the afternoon, while you lie *hulking* in bed, d—n me! if I would not get a *jigger-tackle* upon you, *bowse* you out of your hammock, and flog you through lubber's hole with the thick end of a rope.

*Hungerford Coffee-house,*  
Dec. 1.

A YELLOW ADMIRAL.

### LESSON FOR YOUNG BARRISTERS,

HOW TO EXAMINE A WITNESS.

*Dramatis Personæ:—The Barrister—The Witness.*

“ B. Call John Tomkins.

“ W. Here—*(is sworn.)*

“ B. Look



" *B.* Look this way—What's your name?

" *W.* John Tomkins.

" *B.* John Tomkins, eh! and pray, John Tomkins, what do you know about this affair?

" *W.* As I was going along Cheapfide—

" *B.* Stop, stop! not quite so fast, John Tomkins. When was you going along Cheapfide?

" *W.* On Monday the 26th of June.

" *B.* Oh, oh! Monday, the 26th of June—And pray, now, how came you to know that it was Monday the 26th of June?

" *W.* I remember it very well.

" *B.* You have a good memory, John Tomkins—here is the middle of November, and you pretend to remember your walking along Cheapfide in the end of June.

" *W.* Yes, Sir, I remember it as if it was but yesterday.

" *B.* And pray, now, what makes you remember it so very well?

" *W.* I was then going to fetch a midwife.

" *B.* Stop there, if you please. Gentlemen of the Jury, please to attend to this.—So, John Tomkins, you, a hale, hearty man, were going to fetch a midwife. Now, answer me directly—look this way, Sir—what could you possibly want with a midwife?

" *W.* I wanted to fetch her to a neighbour's wife, who was ill a-bed.

" *B.* A neighbour's wife! What, then, you have no wife of your own?

" *W.* No, Sir.

" *B.* Recollect yourself; you say you have no wife of your own?

" *W.* No, Sir; I never had a wife.

" *B.* None of your quibbles, friend; I did not ask you if you ever had a wife. I ask you if you have now a wife? and you say no.

" *W.* Yes, Sir; and I say truth.

" *B.* Yes, Sir! and no, Sir! and you say truth! we shall soon find that out. And was there nobody to fetch a midwife but you?

" *W.* No; my neighbour lay ill himself—

" *B.* What!

" B. What! did he want a midwife too! (*a loud laugh.*)

" W. He lay ill of a fever; and so I went, to serve him.

" B. No doubt, you are a very serviceable fellow in your way.—But pray, now, after you had fetched the midwife, where did you go?

" W. I went to call upon a friend—

" B. Hold! What time in the day was this?

" W. About seven o'clock in the evening.

" B. It was quite day-light, was it not?

" W. Yes, Sir, it was a fine summer-evening.

" B. What! is it always day-light in a summer-evening?

" W. I believe so—(*smiling*).

" B. No laughing, Sir, if you please! this is too serious a matter for levity.—What did you do when you went to call upon a friend?

" W. He asked me to take a walk; and, when we were walking, we heard a great noise—

" B. And where was this?

" W. In the street.

" B. Pray attend, Sir—I don't ask you whether it was in the street—I ask what street?

" W. I don't know the name of the street; but it turns down from—

" B. Now, Sir, upon your oath—do you say you don't know the name of the street?

" W. No, I don't.

" B. Did you never hear it?

" W. I may have heard it: but I can't say I remember it.

" B. Do you always forget what you have heard?

" W. I don't know that I ever heard it; but I may have heard it, and forgot it.

" B. Well, Sir, perhaps we may fall upon a way to make you remember it.

" W. I don't know, Sir; I would tell it if I knew it.

" B. O! to be sure you would; you are remarkably communicative.—Well, you heard a noise, and I suppose you went to see it too?

" W. Yes; we went to the house where it came from.—

" B. So! it came from a house, and pray what kind of a house?

" W. The

" *W.* The Cock and Bottle, a public-house.

" *B.* The Cock and Bottle! why I never heard of such a house. Pray what has a cock to do with a bottle?

" *W.* I can't tell; that is the sign.

" *B.* Well—and what passed then?

" *W.* We went in to see what was the matter, and the prisoner there—

" *B.* Where?

" *W.* Him at the bar, there; I know him very well.

" *B.* You know him? how came you to know him?

" *W.* We worked journey-work together once; and I remember him well.

" *B.* So! your memory returns: you can't tell the name of the street, but you know the name of the public-house, and you know the prisoner at the bar.—You are a very pretty fellow! And pray what was the prisoner doing?

" *W.* When I saw him, he was—

" *B.* When you saw him! did I ask you what he was doing when you did not see him?

" *W.* I understood he had been fighting.

" *B.* Give us none of your understanding—tell us what you saw.

" *W.* He was drinking some Hollands and water.

" *B.* Are you sure it was Hollands and water?

" *W.* Yes; he asked me to drink with him, and I just put it to my lips.

" *B.* No doubt you did, and I dare say did not take it soon from them. But now, Sir, recollect you are upon oath—look at the jury, Sir—upon your oath, will you aver, that it was Hollands and water?

" *W.* Yes, it was.

" *B.* What! was it not plain gin?

" *W.* No; the landlord said it was Hollands.

" *B.* O! now we shall come to the point—the landlord said! Do you believe every thing that the landlord of the Cock and Bottle says?

" *W.* I don't know him enough.

" *B.* Pray what religion are you of?

" *W.* I am a protestant.

" *B.* Do you believe in a future state?

" *W.* Yes,

" *B.* Then

" *B.* Then, what passed after you drank the Hollands and water?

" *W.* I heard there had been a fight, and a man killed; and I said, "O! Robert, I hope you have not done this!" and he shook his head—

" *B.* Shook his head! and what did you understand by that?

" *W.* Sir!

" *B.* I say, what did you understand by his shaking his head?

" *W.* I can't tell.

" *B.* Can't tell!—Can't you tell what a man means when he shakes his head?

" *W.* He said nothing.

" *B.* Said nothing! I don't ask you what he said—What did you say?

" *W.* What did I say?

" *B.* Don't repeat my words, fellow; but come to the point at once.—Did you see the dead men?

" *W.* Yes; he lay in the next room.

" *B.* And how came he to be dead?

" *W.* There had been a fight, as I said before—

" *B.* I don't want you to repeat what you said before.

" *W.* There had been a fight between him and the—

" *B.* Speak up—his lordship don't hear you—can't you raise your voice?

" *W.* There had been a fight between him and the prisoner—

" *B.* Stop there—pray, when did this fight begin?

" *W.* I can't tell exactly; it might be an hour before. The man was quite dead.

" *B.* And so he might, if the fight had been a month before—that was not what I asked you. Did you see the fight?

" *W.* No—it was over before we came in.

" *B.* We! What we?

" *W.* I and my friend.

" *B.* Well—and it was over—and you saw nothing?

" *W.* No.

" *B.* Gem'men of the jury, you'll please to attend to this—he positively swears he saw nothing of the fight. Pray, Sir, how was it that you saw nothing of the fight?

" *W.* Because it was over before I entered the house, as I said before.

" *B.* No

" B. No repetitions, friend.—Was there any fighting after you entered ?

" W. No, all was quiet.

" B. Quiet ! you just now said you heard a noise—you and your precious friend.

" W. Yes, we heard a noise.

" B. Speak up, can't you ; and don't hesitate so.

" W. The noise was from the people crying and lamenting.—

" B. Don't look to me—look to the jury—well, crying and lamenting.

" W. Crying and lamenting that it happened ; and all blaming the dead man.

" B. Blaming the dead man ! why, I should have thought him the most quiet of the whole—(*another laugh*)—But what did they blame him for ?

" W. Because he struck the prisoner several times, without any cause.

" B. Did you see him strike the prisoner ?

" W. No ; but I was told that—

" B. We don't ask you what you was told—What did you see ?

" W. I saw no more than I have told you.

" B. Then why do you come here to tell us what you heard ?

" W. I only wanted to give the reason why the company blamed the deceased.

" B. O ! we have nothing to do with your reasons, or their's either.

" W. No, Sir, I don't say you have.

" B. Now, Sir, remember you are upon oath—you set out with fetching a midwife ; I presume you now went for an undertaker.

" W. No, I did not.

" B. No ! that is surprizing ; such a friendly man as you ! I wonder the prisoner did not employ you.

" W. No, I went away soon after.

" B. And what induced you to go away ?

" W. It became late ; and I could do no good.

" B. I dare say you could not—And so you come here to do good, don't you ?

VOL. III.

N n

" W. I hope

“ *W.* I hope I have done no harm—I have spoken like an honest man—I don’t know any thing more of the matter.

“ *B.* Nay, I shan’t trouble you farther; (*witness retires, but is called again*). Pray, Sir, what did the prisoner drink his Hollands and water out of?

“ *W.* A pint tumbler.

“ *B.* A pint tumbler! what! a rummer?

“ *W.* I don’t know—it is a glass that holds a pint.

“ *B.* Are you sure it holds a pint?

“ *W.* I believe so.

“ *B.* Aye, when it is full, I suppose —You may go your ways, John Tomkins.—A pretty hopeful fellow that. [*Aside.*]

#### CANTATA, BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

##### *Recitative.*

“ LO! I who erst a MIGHTY MONARCH’S RAGE,  
Made the bo’d subject of heroic page;  
Disclos’d the secrets of the Royal House,  
And sang the GUILLOTINISM of—a louse;  
Taught greasy cooks and scullions how to moan,  
And gave to porters language not their own;  
Now meek as lamb in humbler measures creep,  
And sing the virtues of a flock of sheep!

##### *Air.*

Adieu! ev’ry sheep that I’ve got!  
Ye playful and innocent lambs!  
Ye ewes, the support of my flock!  
Ye sober and reverend rams!

No more to my arms shall ye run,  
As together we frisk it and play;  
In the summer to feed you with grass,  
In the winter to feed you with hay.

I shall lead you no more to the fold,  
No more shall I bring you together,  
No more to a sweet little ewe  
Shall I couple a merry bell-wether.

Lack-a-day!

Lack-a-day ! how I'm alter'd of late,  
 As, I fear, by my visage appears ;  
 Ah ! I am not the same as I was,  
 For I'm older by sixty good years !

Oh ! list to this maxim, my friends,  
 Which at once is both novel and true,  
 " Ye too must resign your sweet breath,"  
 For *who* his *past* years can renew !

What thanks to your love do I owe !  
 In the sun-shine whenever I sleep,  
 Reposing my limbs on the ground,  
 How sweet to be guarded by—*sheep*.

Let me copy your virtues so rare,  
 Then receive my last thanks and last sigh !  
 Your *simplicity* taught me to live,  
 Let your INNOCENCE teach me to die !

Then no more shall my mortified spirit  
 Use any unfortunate imp ill ;  
 But all, whilst they envy, shall own  
 THE VIRTUES OF—PETER—the *simple*.

#### A GENERAL SPEECH,

ADAPTED TO ALL OCCASIONS, AND TO THE MEANEST  
 CAPACITIES.

SIR,

" UNUSED, unacquainted, unhabituated, unaccustomed to public speaking, I rise, Sir, in consequence of having caught your eye, Sir, to express with the utmost diffidence my humble ideas on the important subject now before the house. I will therefore, Sir, be *bold to affirm*, and I am also *free to declare*, that I by no means *meet the ideas* of the nubble Lud in the blue ribband.—I will not, however, *go over the same ground*, or *commit myself*, by *taking up a principle* without the *most perfect consideration*. But as *I am upon my legs*, I certainly shall not *blink the question*; nor am I at all inclined to *meet him half way*, because, on the *first blush of the business*, I was determined to *scout the idea in toto*; for if, Sir, the well-being of civilized society, and the establishment of order and tranquillity, is the

grand object of our investigation, I cannot *hesitate to pronounce*—Sir, I cannot hesitate to pronounce, that *I want words* to express my indignation at the general tenour of the arguments *so ably agitated* by the *honourable member on my left hand*. But, Sir, the *idea does not attach*, and when my learned friend professed to *lay down his principles* with so much method, he only proved his weakness by undertaking to *cleanse the Augean stable*, and to perform the labours of Hercules himself. No, Sir; I am again *free to assert*, and, Sir, I am by no means *disinclined to prove*, that if gentlemen, *under the existing circumstances*, do not act with vigour and unanimity against the *introduction of French principles*, our *glorious constitution*, produced by the *wisdom of our ancestors*, may fall to the ground, Sir!—yes, fall to the ground by the impulse of Jacobin innovation. But on this head *we are ripe to deliberate*; and I trust the gentlemen with whom *I have the honour to act*, and who constitute the decided majority of this honourable house; for whose worth, integrity, firmness, perspicuity, ingenuity, perseverance, and patriotism, I have the most dignified respect, and in whom also I place the most perfect confidence; I say, Sir, I trust they will preserve the privileges of this assembly from the lawless banditti of *acquitted felons*, who not having been *killed off*, insult us daily by their *negative successes*, and circulate their seditious principles, to the danger of every respectable man in the community, and who, by possessing property, becomes an object for their diabolical depredations. Not, however, to trespass any longer on the patience of the house, I shall conclude by observing, with the great Latin poet of antiquity,

Quid sit futurum cras, fuge querere  
Carpe diem.

EXEUNT OMNES.

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### CREEDS TO CHOOSE.

*First, or Tory Creed.*

“ I Believe in the infallibility of all crowned heads.

“ I believe in the infallibility of the minister for the time being.

“ I believe in William Pitt as the maker of all good men.

“ I believe in the perfection and inviolability of the English constitution,



constitution, as now administered; and I think it a damnable heresy to believe that it can be amended.

"I believe in the charity, religion, and virtues of the church, as established by law.

"I believe in the holiness of all bishops—in the necessity of pluralities—in the advantages of tythes—and in all good things dependent upon High Church government.

"I believe in the salvation of Test acts.

"I believe in the virtue of corruption, without which there can be no regeneration.

"I believe in the saving grace conferred by pensions and sinecure places.

"I believe in the virtue of riches, and vice of poverty—and I believe that all men who do not believe as I believe, will, or ought to be damned, in secula seculorum. Amen.

"A CAVALIER OF THE OLD COURT CUT."

*Second, or Jacobin Creed.*

"I do not believe in any thing that is ancient, fixed, stable, or permanent.

"I believe only in the virtues of change and experiment.

"I believe that all crowned heads are tygers, prowling for prey.

"I believe that all ministers are jackals, purveying for such tygers.

"I believe that the English constitution is bad, will be worse, and ought to be destroyed.

"I believe that it is wiser to rush into any evils that may await change, than to attempt to amend what is amiss, because life is not long enough to wait the slow progress of reform.

"I believe that all good governments are made only for the existing members, and that they have nothing to do with posterity.

"I believe that the next world has nothing to do with us, and consequently that we have nothing to do with the next world.

"I believe that every rich man is a rogue, and ought to be poor.

"I believe in the Rights of Man, as far as they serve to give me a right to live independent of all controul, as a man ought to do.

" I believe that the only fit men to frame a government for free men, are those who have always lived independent of any government whatever, as they only can know what freedom is.

" I believe in Tom Paine as the saviour of this world. Amen.

" A REPUBLICAN OF THE NEWEST CUT."

*Third, or my own Creed.*

" I believe that every constitution is not adapted to every country.

" I believe that a limited monarchy is best adapted to produce peace, plenty, prosperity and protection in Great Britain.

" I believe that the constitution of England, as originally framed, is the wisest idea of a free government that ever entered into the imagination of man.

" I believe that no human institution ever was, or will be, perfect; but if it is susceptible of amendment, may always be approaching nearer to perfection.

" I believe that, being of human institution, the English constitution is subject to abuses and to decay.

" I believe that many abuses have crept into the administration, and that many decays have begun to appear in the English constitution.

" I believe that no man is infallible, either as a king or as a minister.

" I believe it to be the interest of every minister to encourage abuses in the administration, and to hide decays in the constitution.

" I believe that all the abuses in the administration, and all the decays in the constitution, are practical evils, and admit of easy and practical cures."

---

GILES JOLLUP THE KNAVE,

AND BROWN SALLY GREEN.

" A Doctor so grave and a virgin so bright

Hob-a-nobbed in some right marasquin :

They swallow'd the cordial with truest delight;

*Giles Jollup the Knave was just five feet in height,*

*And four feet the Brown Sally Green.*

—" And

—" And as," said Giles Jollup, " to-morrow I go  
*To physie a feverish land,*  
 At some fix-penny hop, or perhaps the may'r's show,  
 You'll tumble in love with some smart city beau,  
 And with him share your shop in the Strand."—

" Lord! how can you think so?" Brown Sally Green said,  
 " You must know mighty little of me ;  
 For if you be living, or if you be dead,  
 I swear 'pon my honour, that none in your stead,  
 Shall husband of Sally Green be.

" And if e'er I by love or by wealth led aside,  
 Am false to Giles Jollup the knave,  
 God grant, that at dinner too amply supply'd,  
 Over eating may give me a pain in my side ;  
 May your ghost then bring rhubarb to physie the bride,  
 And send her well dosed to the grave."—

*To Jamaica the doctor now hasten'd for gold ;*  
 Sally wept, till she blew her nose fore,  
 Yet scarce had a twelvemonth elaps'd, when behold,  
 A brewer quite stylish, his gig that way roll'd,  
 And stopp'd it at Sally Green's door.

*His barrels, his bungs, and his brags-headed cane,*  
*Soon made her untrue to her vows ;*  
*The stream of small beer now bewilder'd her brain :*  
 He caught her while tipsy ; denials were vain,  
 So he carried her home as his spouse.

And now the roast-beef had been blest'd by the priest,  
 To cram now the guests had begun!  
 Tooth and nail, like a wolf, fell the bride on the feast,  
 Nor yet had the clasp of her knife and fork ceas'd,  
*When a bell, ('twas the dustman's), toll'd " one."*

Then first with amazement brown Sally Green found,  
 That a stranger was stuck by her side:  
 His cravat and his ruffles with snuff were embrown'd;  
 He eat not ; he drank not ; but turning him round,  
 Sent some pudding away to be fry'd.

*His wig was turn'd forward, and wort was his height;  
 His apron was dirty to view;  
 The women, (Oh! wondrous,) were hush'd at the sight,  
 The cats as they ey'd him drew back (well they might,)  
 For his body was pea-green and blue.*

Now as all wish'd to speak, but none knew what to say,  
 They look'd mighty foolish and queer;  
*At length spoke the lady with trembling—"I pray,  
 Dear Sir, that your peruke aside you would lay,  
 And partake of some strong or small beer."*

The bride shuts her fly-trap; the stranger complies,  
*And his wig from his phiz deigns to pull:*  
 Adzooks! what a squall Sally gave through surprize;  
 Like a pig that was stuck how she open'd her eyes,  
 When she recogniz'd Jollup's bare skull.

Each misf then exclaim'd, while she turn'd up her snout,  
 "Sir, your head is'nt fit to be seen!"—  
 The pot-boys ran in, and the pot-boys ran out,  
 And could'nt conceive what the noise was about,  
 While the doctor address'd Sally Green.

"Behold me, thou jilt-flirt! behold me," he cry'd,  
 "I'm Jollup, whom some call "the knave!"  
 God grant, that to punish your falshood and pride,  
 You should feel at this moment a pain in your side;  
 Quick, swallow this rhubarb! I'll physic the bride,  
 And send her well dos'd to the grave!"

Thus saying, the physic her throat he forc'd down,  
 In spite of whate'er she could say;  
 Then bore to his chariot the maiden so brown,  
 Nor ever again was she seen in that town,  
 Or the doctor, who whisk'd her away.

*Not long liv'd the brewer, and none since that time  
 To inhabit the brewhouse presume;  
 For old women say, that by order sublime,  
 There Sally Green suffers the pain of her crime,  
 And bawles to get out of the room.*

At midnight four times in each year does her spright,  
 With shrieks make the chamber resound;  
 "I won't take the rhubarb!" she squalls in affright,  
 While, a cup in his left hand, a draught in his right,  
 Giles Jollup pursues her around.

With wigs so well powder'd, twelve doctors so grave,  
 Dancing hornpipes around them are seen;  
 They drink chicken broth, and this horrible stave  
 Is twang'd thro' each nose, "to Giles Jollup the knave,  
 And his patient, the sick Sally Green!"

Of the "wit and humour" of the Jacobins, on which the compiler of this volume prides himself so much, for his language betrays *his* feelings.—These *jeux d'esprits* do not depend upon sense for their poignancy. The most nonsensical things, are, in the opinion of the many, not unfrequently the most facetious, a term which, with them, is synonymous of wit. And to those who know how easy it is to ridicule the most solemn institutions, the most important duties, and the best of characters; this *wit* and *humour*, on the side of the *jacobins*, will appear perfectly natural and consistent. That "fools rush in, where angels fear to tread," has been long since discovered, and is still most woefully experienced. Wit and humour, as they are here termed, are in general the **ONLY** weapons that can be handled by the *antagonists of truth*. It now remains to select a few of the *notes* attached to this work, that our readers may determine how justly we have spoken of the jacobinism of the editor:

"This is an allusion to Watt, a *government spy*,  
 "hung at Edinburgh,—the only man who has suffered  
 "death for treason in Great Britain, from the begin-  
 "ning of the war to the present day." p. 20. The  
 intention of this note, in classing Watt as a "*govern-  
 ment spy*," is too evident to require any elucidation in  
 this place. We grant that he is "the *only* man who  
 has suffered," &c. &c.—But we have also some faint re-  
 collections

collections of *intimidated juries*, the OLD BAILEY, and  
 “*acquitted felons !!!*”—

Again—

“ This whimsical plan of operations appeared very  
 “ shortly after we *free* Englishmen joined the grand  
 “ confederacy, with a view of *forcing* the French to  
 “ abandon the dreadful, though *voluntary* slavery of a  
 “ *representative* and republican government, and to re-  
 “ turn to the *rational liberty* they formerly enjoyed un-  
 “ der their *grande Monarque*. The rogues dared “ *kill*  
 “ *a king*,” and were insolent enough to think they could  
 “ *live without one !*” p. 67.—Shall Mrs. Wollstonecraft  
 answer this gentleman? “ The libertine,” says she,  
 speaking of Lord Chesterfield, “ who in a gust of pas-  
 sion, takes advantage of unsuspecting tenderness, is a  
 saint, when compared with this cold-hearted rascal.”  
 And he who, inflated with rage, should vent his ana-  
 themas on all the governments of the earth, “ is a saint,  
 when,” &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. !

Again—

“ This letter appeared shortly after the Duke of York  
 “ received his first reinforcement of cavalry ; at the em-  
 “ barkation of which our most gracious sovereign at-  
 “ tended in person, and generously gave the soldiers one  
 “ shilling each. His majesty is also said to have encou-  
 “ raged the soldiers, by saying—“ *Hurra*, my boys, this  
 “ is my war.” But this latter fact we do not affirm,  
 “ and should be loth to believe.”—Very well, Mr. Edi-  
 tor of “ This Spirit of the Public Journals ;” and if you  
 are “ loth to believe this *fact*,” as no doubt you should  
 be, pray, why insert it so circumstantially ? The feint  
 will not do. “ Our most gracious sovereign,” in other  
 places a mark of true respect, when addressing the king  
 of a free country, as in England, is *mere cant*, and even  
*irony*, as is evident in the completion of the sentence.  
 We do indeed hate sneerers, and because *there is nothing*  
*manly in sneering* ; nothing open and firm. It is in ge-  
 neral

neral the offspring of the most rooted and contemptible malignity.

If "The Spirit of the Public Journals," had been selected "by a gentleman of distinguished taste and judgment," of information and impartiality, from the various periodical publications of the country, it would have constituted a valuable work, and met with universal approbation. A very little degree either of taste or judgment are, however, exhibited in this selection. To impartiality it cannot pretend: and, as for the information of its editor, what degree of information does he claim who gives us, as original, an "Ode on Westminster Abbey; written by Collins;" which we are told is "not published in his works," but which, very unfortunately for the editor is, excepting the mere alterations necessary in adapting it to the abbey, to be found in every edition of "Collins's Poems."

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*Blue-Beard; or Female Curiosity! a Dramatic Romance; first represented at the Theatre Royal Drury-Lane, on Tuesday, January 16, 1798; written by GEORGE COLMAN, the Younger. 8vo. pp. 54. 1s. 6d. Cadell and Davies.*

WE have said something of this composition in our drama, and now the writer shall be heard in turn.

"I am far from endeavouring to vitiate the taste of the town, and over-run the stage with romance, and legends:—but English children, both old and young, are disappointed without a pantomime at Christmas;—and, a pantomime not being forth-coming, in Drury-lane, I was prevailed upon to make out the subsequent sketch, expressly for that season, to supply the place of Harlequinade.

"I have not attempted to make magic usurp that space of the evening's entertainment much better occupied by dramas of instruction and probability. I have kept my enchantment within the limits where rational minds, without pedantry, have

not

not only long tolerated it, but have found pleasure in unbending with it, after they have been more solidly engaged. In short, my syllabus does not make its appearance until the substantial part of the repast is over.—I am careless, therefore, of those sapient gentlemen, who, in the words of *Gresset*,

“ *Portent leur petite sentence  
Sur la rime, & sur les Auteurs,  
Avec autant de connoissance  
Qu’un aveugle en a des couleurs.*”

But, I could tell such gentlemen that I have done some good.—I have given an opportunity to Mr. KELLY of fully establishing his reputation, as a musical composer, with a public whose favour he has long and deservedly experienced as a singer. Crowded audiences have testified the most strong, and decided approbation of his original music, in *Blue Beard*; and amply applauded his taste and judgment, in selection.

“ Dully as the matter of fact may be stated, I feel gratified in relating this truism of a worthy and industrious man.

“ Add to this, I have brought forward *Young Greenwood* (a scene painter of nineteen) to shew design, and execution of uncommon promise.

“ And *Johnstone*, a classical machinist, (a *rara avis*, alas! in theatres) has added another wreath to his well-earned laurels.”

These are *things* of which we could not be aware, and who would deprive COLMAN THE YOUNGER, of such fame as must attend on these efforts?



## CORRESPONDENCE.

ON the request of several subscribers, who appear to have been exceedingly displeased by the omission of the correspondence in our Second Volume, we subjoin, in this place, the whole of that article for the present year. And to render the work still more uniform, as well as to avoid the repetition of our answers, we shall, in Number I. of Volume IV. (being that for May 1798), adopt a method of preserving this department in unison with the rest of the work.

## FEBRUARY, 1798.

No Mr. J. C\*\*\*\*\*.—"The Monthly Mirror" is a respectable publication;—but this has little, indeed it has not any thing, to do with the matter in question. We shall be happy, really happy, to receive POETRY! from Mr. C.;—but, in the course of a few years, perhaps months, he will not (at least we hope that he will not) deem poetry to consist in such lines as,

"Yet *pensive sadness* sways my heaving breast;—

"And ah! still more to wound my fading peace,  
Thy *lucent* charms each month have brighter shone,  
Thy mental beauties constantly increase,  
Thy *sensful* passions mingle with my own."

"Yet must my eyes, impearl'd with *humid* tears."—

"But *gelid* apathy thy breast depart," &c. &c.

All this may be very fine,—for it is absolutely too fine for the common-sense faculties of an Englishman! Mr. C\*\*\*\*\* can write *prose*, because he writes it not unlike other people: and we still wish to hear from him in *that* way. We do not either aim or desire, we have never aimed or desired, to exclude him from the Monthly Visitor. He wrongs us much. But we have READERS as well as *writers* to please.

We are obliged to "E—A—an" for his polite attentions, and friendly wishes. It is pleasing to know that our work has its friends? for, it certainly has its enemies. May we endeavour to merit the former;—convinced as we are, that it will also be the best mode of silencing the latter.

We are likewise obliged to "Minor, and happy in such friendship. We hope to hear from him on other subjects.

We must be short in our reply to a long letter from Glasgow. One of the writer's hints, the division of our labours into *three volumes* annually, was adopted prior to the reception of his sentiments. He will not doubt the authenticity of the portraits, after perusing the Preface to Vol. III. We cannot obtain the poem of which he speaks. But the "Characters by G. Hamilton," are not forgotten. We thank Mr. Douglas for his hints;—we are open to reproof—and, when just, we are ever ready to profit by it. As for the quantity of our letter-press, of which he has most erroneously estimated, we must refer him to the "Address" on the Wrapper of our last Number. Those who are not engaged in periodical undertakings of this kind, seem, in general, to be but little aware of the expences which attend them.

"Lines sent to a Lady on Valentine's Day," will not suit the Parnassian Garland.

### MARCH.

"Sonnets, attempted in the manner of some of our Contemporaries;" "The Coquette;" Lines to my Sister;" in our next. And we have here to request of Correspondents, who may with an early insertion of their favours, that they will send to us before the 12th of the month.

Our Readers will excuse us for paying such attention to the following production, when they are told that it comes from a gentleman who professes to regulate *all* poetry, and who has really laid down some ingenious remarks for the consideration of his poetical contemporaries. The piece has no title; but it appears to be addressed to his "Sylvia," and beginneth thus:—

Where the bleak North with Tempests threat'ning scowls,  
On whirlwinds born, fierce Boreas wings his way  
And, with triumphant Rage, *infuriate* howls  
A *thrilling* Dirge o'er Natures chill decay.  
Congenial Horrors! to my Soul more dear  
Than vernal Meads where *Halcyons sportive* pass,  
*Immers'd in Gloom*, I drop unseen a Tear,  
And sigh responsive to each fitful Blast.

Can

Can it avail to tread enamell'd Plains,  
*Midst floral sweets my loit'ring hours to toy?*  
*To tune melodious soft Aonian Strains?*  
 Unless my Sylvia's Smiles exalt each Joy.  
 Sad, as I pine beneath *unblest's* desire  
 With hopeless Gaze, I view *Cytherea's* Vale  
 Where Rapture ceaseless sweeps the festal Lyre,  
 And *am'rous Sighs* are wasted on each Gale.  
 Tho' Friendship glows *diffusive* thro' thy Breast,  
 Can that, my Fair, Love's fonder Wish allswage?  
 Can cold esteem bestow my wonted rest  
 To Ruin hurl'd by *his* remorseless Rage?  
 As I this Life's thick-gathering Shades advance,  
 Say can thine Eyes illumine dark Sorrows Night?  
 Unless Affection lights each *radiant* Glance,  
*While blushing Graces steal upon the Sight.*  
 (When varied ills, to curse this hapless State,  
 Swift issue forth from Times prolific Womb;  
 When Sicknefs draws the shadowy Veil of Fate,  
 And points thro' mournful Visto's to the Tomb:  
 Wouldst thou, soft whisp'ring, cheer me as I faint  
 With Notes of Peace, I could each woe-fraught Day  
 Serenely Smile, so smiles the dying Saint  
 When hov'ring Seraphs call his Soul away.)  
 But shouldst thou, pytying, view awhile my grief,  
 Yet from its tender claims *averse* fly,  
 Thy transient Tears must fail to give relief,  
 As morning Dews exhaling cheat the Eye.  
 But when our Spirits meet in courts above,  
 Disdainful still wilt thou *insensate* turn?  
 With Joys unknown to mere terrestrial Love,  
 Congenial Souls there raptur'd ever burn.  
 Not that Desire inspires a sensual Glow  
 To spur the passions on to fleeting Joys,  
 Nor Fancy conjures up her Magic Shew  
 And Reasons Pow'r with Circean Charms destroys,  
 But *radiant Beings* in social Bands impart  
 Pure mental Blifs, the intercourse of Soul;  
 Nor Anguish can transfix her venom'd Dart  
 To wound their Peace, while ceaseless Ages roll.

Our Virtues then with kindred Beams shall shine:

While o'er fair Fields of Aramanth we tread,  
Thy Heav'n-strung Lyre will *I symphonious* join,  
*And show'r celestial Roses on thy Head.*

March 6th.

Our delicacy to the writer induces us to conceal his name: and we hope that this exhibition of his lines will have some weight in reducing him to common sense. We at the same time assure our readers, that we have not altered or vilified a single word of the whole. We have, indeed, put those phrases into *Italics* which appeared the most obnoxious to us. But if we have done this, we have done otherwise—The only *two* verses in his *poem*, which felt acceptable to our feelings, (and *they are beautiful*, when contrasted with the sad deformity of the others; something like pearls on a dunghill) we have noted by a parenthesis, in order that they might the better be distinguished, and enclosed from the rest.

#### APRIL.

“Retirement” cannot bestow better reflections; but it certainly may give birth to better poetry than that to which we at present allude. Blank verse is *blank* indeed, when it is meted out to ten feet, without strength to endure the walk. Cannot this gentleman try prose? if poetry, let him try it in rhyme.

G. M. is respectfully informed, although we cannot be persuaded that his proposed alterations in the work would be *generally* acceptable, that the portraits which he recommends to our notice, are among the first which have been for some time in hand.

If a letter on the two papers concerning “Ballad-Singing,” were written in such a style as we might venture to present to our Readers, we would have answered its author by inserting it.

“To a Friend in Affliction;”—Stanzas to Matilda;—“A Martial Ode, for the Year 1798,” &c. in our next.

“Two Anecdotes of a living Author,” are received; and sorry are we, that our friend should have led us into the error of announcing what he will perceive, on reflection, to be dangerous. We think no better of certain men than he does, and we know more of them than they imagine;—but this is an age wherein we may not say all we think, nor publish all we know.

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